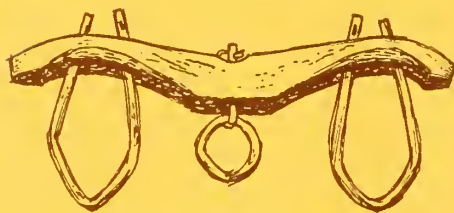


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THROUGH THE EYES OF
HIGH SCHOOL YOUTH.

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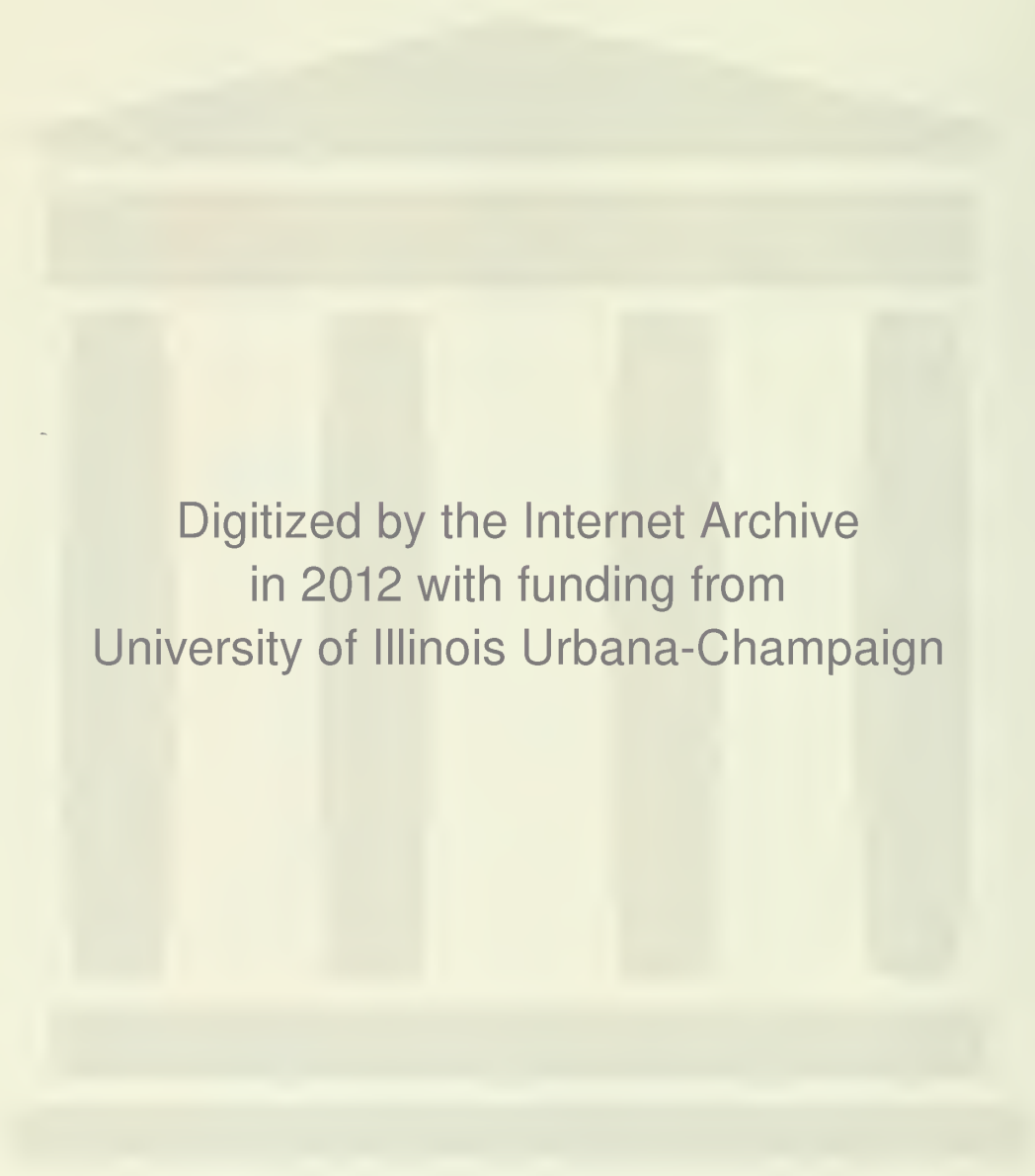
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Through the eyes of High School Youth



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Through the eyes of High School Youth

EDITED BY JEAN D. GRAMBS, UNIVERSITY

OF MARYLAND / UNDER THE DIRECTION

OF R. B. MARSTON, NATIONAL EDUCATION

ASSOCIATION



NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

THE LINCOLN SESQUICENTENNIAL COMMISSION

OF THE UNITED STATES

September 1959

WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Established by the National Education Association
to direct the observance in the Nation's high schools

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DIRECTOR, LINCOLN SESQUICENTENNIAL OBSERVANCE IN HIGH SCHOOLS

Dr. R. B. Marston, National Education Association, Washington, D.C.

Foreword

THE APPEARANCE OF THIS VOLUME at the close of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial Year brings to a fitting climax the observance of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln by youth throughout the Nation. When the Lincoln Sesquicentennial Commission was appointed by President Eisenhower in November 1957, one of its first official actions was the development of a program of participation in the Sesquicentennial by the youth of America and the appointment of a committee to carry out this program.

At the high school level it was decided that participation in various kinds of appropriate activities would be suggested to the schools, and that a volume would be published representing some of the outstanding contributions to the Sesquicentennial on the part of high school youth. The various poems, essays, plays, etc., printed in this volume are the result of an effort by teachers and students in public, private, and parochial schools all over America to evoke a thoughtful appraisal of Lincoln as he is seen by high school youth of today. In this volume we have just such a thoughtful appraisal, an appraisal marked with a newness, a youthful vigor, a directness that could come only from young Americans who appreciate what Lincoln means today.

The Committee on Schools and Colleges of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial Commission requested the National Education Association to establish a Committee for High School Observance and I wish to thank the members of this committee for their excellent work. I also wish to express my sincere appreciation to William Carr, executive secretary of the National Education Association, and to R. B. Marston, also of the National Education Association, who directed the observance in high schools. A very special debt of gratitude is owed to Jean D. Grambs who, under the direction of R. B. Marston, edited this volume. Her work, as she notes in the introduction, was made especially difficult by the extremely high quality of the contributions submitted. Lastly, I want to thank the many young contributors to this volume and their teachers. Their work is a bright omen for the future of America, an America in which Lincoln will always be *The Symbol of the Free Man*.

PAUL C. REINERT, S.J., *Chairman,*
Schools and Colleges Committee,
Lincoln Sesquicentennial Commission.

Introduction

In the 85th Congress of the United States of America, 1st session, a joint resolution was approved by Congress which stated in part:

Whereas the year 1959 marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln on February 12, 1809; and

Whereas Abraham Lincoln served as the sixteenth President of the United States; and

Whereas his life and ideals played an important part in the history of the United States during a critical period of its history; and

Whereas his spoken and written words and his philosophy of government have continued to have influence in our Government and in our daily way of life; and

Whereas the United States observed with appropriate ceremonies the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln in 1909; and

Whereas the interest in, and respect for, Abraham Lincoln is demonstrated by over one million eight hundred and fifty thousand people from all parts of the Nation visiting the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, District of Columbia, during the year 1956, making it the most visited memorial in the world; and

Whereas it is appropriate that his ideals and accomplishments be re-emphasized and be given wider public knowledge on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth; and

Whereas it is incumbent upon us as a nation to provide for the proper observance of the birth of this great man who has continued to be a force in our history: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That (a) in order to provide for appropriate and nationwide observances and the coordination of ceremonies, there is hereby established a commission to be known as the Lincoln Sesquicentennial Commission, . . .

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Commission to prepare an overall program to include specific plans for commemorating the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. In preparing its plans and programs, the Commission shall give due consideration to any similar and related plans advanced by State, civic, patriotic, hereditary, and historical bodies, and may designate special committees with representation from the above-mentioned bodies to plan and conduct specific ceremonies. The Commission may give suitable recognition

such as the award of medals and certificates or by other appropriate means to persons and organizations for outstanding accomplishments in preserving the writings and ideals of Abraham Lincoln, or historical locations connected with his life.

SEC. 3. The President of the United States is authorized and requested to issue proclamations inviting the people of the United States to participate in and observe the anniversary of the nationally significant historic event, the commemoration of which is provided for herein. . . .

SAM RAYBURN

Speaker of the House of Representatives

RICHARD NIXON

*Vice President of the United States
and President of the Senate*

Approved September 2, 1957.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

In its publication for aiding public observance of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial, the Commission itself states:

The solitary fact that the year 1959 marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln is not of itself highly important. But the wish of the American people, as expressed through their representatives in Congress, to commemorate the anniversary in a fitting and proper manner, is significant and meaningful. They have not forgotten the virtues exemplified by him and they intend to perpetuate them in the American way of life.

If a reason for celebrating the life of Abraham Lincoln needs recording, it is this: he was truly a great man. He influenced the course of history. His wisdom and innate faith in his countrymen enabled him, as President of the United States, to lead the nation safely through the horrors of a civil war. "In his character," wrote the historian George Bancroft, "Lincoln was through and through an American." In the Commemoration Ode read at Harvard College on July 21, 1865, James Russell Lowell called him "the first American."

As a frontier boy and youth, as an Illinois politician and lawyer, and as the leader of a nation, Abraham Lincoln practiced the cardinal virtues of humility, steadfastness, faith in righteousness, and the forgiving spirit. Then too, his humor, his earthiness, and his utter lack of

pretension made him one with common humanity. Herein too is his greatness. Stephen A. Douglas, who argued, disputed, and debated with Lincoln throughout the State of Illinois, admitted that "Lincoln is the honestest man I ever knew." And when General Grant was asked his opinion of Lincoln, he replied: "He was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew."

"Whereas," so resolved the Congress (H.J. Res. 351), "it is incumbent upon us as a nation to provide for the proper observance of the birth of this great man who has continued to be a force in our history. . . ."

As the Commission surveyed the many ways in which suitable observance could be undertaken, it was agreed that the young people of America certainly would have something to contribute. The National Education Association was therefore approached with the request that through this organization some appropriate means be established for bringing to secondary school youth the particular significance of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial.

The National Education Association thereupon appointed a committee for the observance of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial in high schools. In setting up the committee of educators it was agreed that no nationwide contest would serve the purpose envisioned. Rather, it was agreed that secondary schools all over the country be encouraged to commemorate the Lincoln Sesquicentennial in any way which they felt most appropriate. It was hoped that in this way young people would be encouraged to express their reactions to the inspiration of Lincoln in many different media. The Education Committee distributed a pamphlet entitled "Programing the Lincoln Sesquicentennial in American High Schools" to all public, private, and parochial high schools in the United States. All schools were invited to submit original work by young people which developed as they studied and read and thought about Lincoln.

Although the time during which schools were asked to participate in the celebration was short, numerous schools responded with material. The volume that we have here is evidence of the kind of response that young people made to the story of Lincoln.

The NEA pamphlet stressed the fact that all kinds of material would be welcome—essays, poetry, music, sculpture, drama, murals. The material came in: pictures of paintings and sculpture; original poems, essays, and stories; pageants and programs; graduation addresses and essays.

The purpose of selecting from this mass of material many examples of the response of youth to Lincoln was twofold: one, these materials were considered as exemplifying the kind of inspiration young people found in one of our greatest American heroes and leaders; second, these materials in themselves could serve as further inspiration to generations of young people yet to come, who may also produce their own response to the greatness of Lincoln.

SELECTING THE MATERIAL

Obviously it is no easy task to put into a small volume all of the material submitted. For this reason, the NEA Lincoln Sesquicentennial Committee for High School Observance agreed that material would be included primarily on the basis of excellence. It is clear that to compare the work of a 7th grader to that of a 12th grader would not be a fair contrast, so the judgment of excellence was in relation to the grade of the person who produced it.

Because of the nature of the volume, likewise, much very good material could not be included. Long research papers, showing excellent use of source material and grasp of historical significances, could be referred to only briefly because of space limitations. Some scripts are given in full because of the possibility that other schools would find them useful, yet all scripts of top quality could not be thus included, again for reasons of space.

In a number of instances, student essays and themes included selections from Lincoln's writing, or from the poetry or commentary by others about Lincoln. While this could reflect original student selection, it obviously would have to yield place to work which was more nearly completely student produced. The largest area of repetition was found in the selections which included anecdotes about Lincoln and samples of his humor and wit.

The original prospectus that went out to high schools asked for photographs of original artwork. However, as the publication neared completion it was clear that such photographs could not do justice to this kind of artistic work by young people, and therefore have not been included in the final volume.

The selections that have been used, in whole or in part, are illustrative of the wide variation in student response to the inspiration of Lincoln. Readers will find here almost every kind of feeling about Lincoln, the leader and the legend.

The work included is not finished or polished. It is the work of young people in public, private, and parochial schools from 7th grade to 12th grade. Care should be taken in applying adult standards to these selections; obviously the young people who wrote them still have much to learn. Yet there is a freshness, a vigor, a challenge in these writings that often is missing from the more sober and calculated productions of adults. It indeed renews one's hope for the future when this generation of high school students can speak so forcefully, clearly, and with such dedication about the goals and ideals of democracy as seen through the life of Lincoln.

THE TEACHERS

It is fitting to include a word about the teachers who worked with these students. We do not know who the teachers are in most instances. Nor do we have any direct evidence of what these teachers did. But by reading the record, by noting the originality and the competence with which these selections have been produced, we can only be certain that these students were guided by master teachers. These teachers encouraged students to write poetry, to write original stories and skits, and to utilize wide source material in their study of Lincoln. Many of the skits and assembly programs involved the cooperation and encouragement of many teachers. The support and interest shown by the administrators in these schools must also be recognized, since without their active interest many of these programs could not have been developed. The selections included in this volume

are eloquent testimony to the vigor and excellence of the secondary schools of our democracy.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE MATERIAL

There were many possible ways of organizing the material. The one that appeared to hold the most promise for showing the particular way in which youth responded to the story of Lincoln was to organize the material around those main themes or ideas that occurred in the material itself.

There are any number of things that one could pick up as important or interesting or inspiring in reading about Lincoln. It is our purpose here to show *those elements in the Lincoln story that most interested youth*. For this reason the material was divided into seven major sections, corresponding to the major themes that interested youth as revealed through the material submitted. Thus nearly every section includes essays, addresses, stories, poems, skits, and scripts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Appreciation and thanks are hereby extended to all the schools that participated, to the administrators and the teachers who helped the young people, and to youth themselves who worked so diligently in giving us their thinking and their feeling about Lincoln. Not every school could be included in this volume, and many were perforce omitted because of the limitations of space. Many excellent items had to be left out, or only brief selections used for the same reason. Many letters that accompanied the material show how real was the interest in this celebration. With the Sesqui-centennial year past, it is hoped that teachers and students will continue to seek inspiration in the great story of a great man.

Introduction to Student Materials

Lincoln touches each person who reads or hears about him. America has produced many great leaders, many wise and dedicated people. Yet in Lincoln are gathered, it seems, more of the essential qualities of greatness and the common touch than in any other of the heroes of American history.

The Lincoln story inspired students to create poetry, to write stories, to do scholarly research in original sources, to paint murals and sculpt figures, to compose music, to design pageants, to present valedictory speeches at graduation, to read the inspiring literature of poets and writers who responded to the Lincoln story.

Members of the graduating class of Jefferson Junior High School, Washington, D.C., stated it well when they said:

The reason we have chosen Abraham Lincoln as our subject is because he played an important part in the making of our country, greatly influencing the course of our history. His wisdom and innate faith in his countrymen enabled him, as President of the United States, to preserve the Union and to lead the nation safely through the horrors of a Civil War.

As a frontier boy and youth, as an Illinois politician and lawyer, and as the leader of the nation, Abraham Lincoln practiced the virtues of humility, steadfastness, faith in righteousness, and the forgiving spirit. Then, too, his humor and his utter lack of conceit made him one with common humanity.

In his rise from a lowly position and in this oneness with common humanity he is indeed a symbol of the free man.

In opening her research paper on the pros and cons of the Lincoln administration, Mary Donovan of Marymount School, Va., pointed out her feelings about the source of the inspiration of Lincoln:

It is difficult to evaluate the Lincoln administration as a political regime or a specimen of governmental operation, because, like the events and circumstances surrounding all great men, it tends to become submerged in his gigantic personality. This is especially true of Abraham Lincoln's tenure because even of the man himself it is not the political skill that is remembered but the home-

spun personal touch in all his relations. Nevertheless, what follows is an effort to separate fact from legend and to present an accurate, objective view of both the assets and the defects of the administration of the 16th President of these United States.

So, also, does another high school student speak in seeking to find out the source of the immortality of Lincoln:

Every American President, by virtue of his office, achieves a degree of immortality. But the immortality of Abraham Lincoln is unique. Not only have innumerable biographers recorded the facts of his life, but poets, from the hour of his death, have sung his praises and pried open the secrets of his heart. By so doing they have made Lincoln a part of our history and of our literary tradition. He lives, not only in the dead letter of our history books, but also in our hearts. This is why his immortality is unique.

Since the fatal evening when Secretary of War Stanton said prophetically, "Now he belongs to the ages," the name of Lincoln has echoed and re-echoed through our literature. The greatest of our writers have been captivated by this man. As a result we can today read, in beautiful poetic words, about Abraham Lincoln. From Carl Sandburg came the impressive six-volume biography, *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years*. One of Walt Whitman's best poems is the Lincoln burial hymn, *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*. James Russell Lowell, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Vachel Lindsay, to mention but a few, added other commemorations to the list. What was there about this man Lincoln that he should so inspire great poets to eloquence and great historians to devotion? What qualities not mentioned in history books made Lincoln what he was? Let us follow these men of letters, in their Lincolnian literature, in search of the true character of the man not revealed in dates of battles or in the record of events.

Dorothy Heisenbrettel, Greenville Senior High School, Greenville, Pa.

In one brief paragraph in her long, well annotated research paper, another student sums up the drama story of Lincoln:

Lincoln represents triumph over adversity. He started his life inauspiciously as the son of poor parents on Sinking Spring farm in Hardin County, Ky., and raised himself to hold the highest office available to man in the United States. His greatest desire was for freedom for

all men, and just when he was seeing his dream become a reality Booth snuffed out his life.

Roberta Juster-Greenway, Bowen High School, Chicago, Ill.

A junior high student states his ideas on the endurance of Lincoln as a living American hero:

What is Abe Lincoln remembered for? Possibly for his honesty, or his personality, or the Emancipation Proclamation, or the fact that he saved the Union. But probably the first thing that we'd remember him for would be his Gettysburg Address, one of the most famous speeches in English literature.

Had Lincoln not saved the Union, we would not rank first as a world power. If he hadn't freed the slaves, we might be considered a backward nation. Lincoln's Administration was under much criticism until that day in April, when he became dear to every American.

A. Finestone, Jay Cooke Junior High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

An 8th-grader put his feelings into poetry:

LINCOLN: AUTHOR OF LIBERTY

Bold and courteous was he,
Many a hardship,
Many a trial,
Faced this lover of liberty.
Honest was he,
Day by day,
Respected by all,
Hated by none.
O Lincoln, champion of liberty.
Fulfilling his task,
To his country's needs,
In time of distress,
In time of trial,
O Lincoln, author of liberty,
He gave his life,
To a well done job.
He held our country together,
Through the war-torn years,
O Lincoln, martyr for liberty.

Thomas Butler, St. Gregory High School, Detroit, Mich.

Many of the materials written by youth are their answer as to the source of the greatness of Lincoln, and the endurance of his story as a living inspiration to all Americans. Not only, however, did the story of Lincoln inspire students to many kinds of creative expression. We find, for instance, a report from a teacher regarding activities carried on by English classes in Carey Jr. High School, Cheyenne, Wyo., including the response of the youngsters in the class for exceptional children. "In many cases," came the report, "this was the first real motivation for doing well in penman-

ship many of these pupils had had. . . ." Another teacher reported the inspiring effect the story of Lincoln, the orator, had upon a boy in the Juvenile Home School, Knoxville, Tenn., who, with a record of many delinquent activities, also had a speech handicap. The teacher, Mrs. Cecilia B. Laurent, writes:

There is a psychological reason for D.'s feeling so keenly about Lincoln's numerous speeches. His inability to give recitations was helped immeasurably while he was with me and his effort with Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was one of the most beautifully done (and I believe it would have pleased Mr. Lincoln). You see, I had worked very hard on his speech and had tried to not have him avoid the sounds which gave him trouble.

As our school was coming to a close, we had planned an open house for the parents and friends. D.'s summary of Lincoln's life had been awarded a blue ribbon, which it proudly bears now, by judges who were competent for making such decisions.

From a tuberculosis hospital in Texas comes the story of one of the patients, Aurora Lazarin who, as part of her special education class, was able to write a research paper on the life of Lincoln, "describing the hardships and the happy times of his life, up to his presidency; then presenting other events to his fatal day. . . ." And, as the special class instructor noted, in transmitting the paper, "She and other patients were helped by her study." Evidence of this is also submitted in the form of a picture of Aurora receiving her high school diploma. .

The gamut of student response is wide, including a crossword puzzle developed by Lynn Hagele, of Ursuline Academy, Springfield, Ill., which might serve as an interesting kind of review test on some of the facts in Lincoln's life.

How did the students go at the task of developing their own ideas and feelings about Lincoln? We have an excellent description of how students in the speech arts department at the E. R. Snyder Continuation High School, San Diego, Calif., went at their job, told in the words of Ronald Page, the author of the Lincoln Assembly Program:

In the weeks that preceded the Lincoln holiday, our speech and drama classes were "a walking volume on Lincoln," with daily contributions of prose and poetry, dramatic readings, etc., and the library want files being filled with requests for books on Lincoln. With this, the stage was set for the introduction of the idea for an assembly of some sort to commemorate Lincoln's birthday. The idea fell on one of the rather fertile minds in our speech arts class. "Maybe we could have a few

speeches and a movie—"The Face of Lincoln," for instance, or maybe a few skits."

The idea arose, "Could we have a play?" The latter was decided upon almost at once. But now the question arose, "It's a fine idea to have a play, but what kind of play could we have, flashbacks, or the like?" No, that was not what we wanted, we wanted something that we hadn't presented before, or at least not the usual Nancy Hanks, or Ann Rutledge or the "Letter to Mrs. Bixby." Not that it was our purpose to belittle these classics, but we wanted something that was more original, like maybe our own version of "You Are There." That was it, we decided, and I went to work.

So the long period of research began—books, papers, magazines, bulletins, all types of printed material began to pour into the dressing room where my assistant and myself kept our office. With this and much more information in my hands it was not difficult to come up with at least something.

A tape recorder was borrowed. I began to write and then transcribe the material that I had written on the tape to see how it would sound. Rough drafts and miscellaneous ideas were written down.

In the days that followed we were engrossed in our work—typing scripts, retyping, rephrasing, etc.

After many weeks of work, we had completed our final script.

Out of such efforts came a play, with accompanying tableau scenes, that re-create the stirring events of Lincoln's story.

Such creative efforts by students develop from the devotion of inspiring teachers. As one teacher, F. I. Madaus, of Hartford High School, Hartford, Mich., wrote: "I find constant comment by the students that their reverence for Lincoln is as great as mine has always been."

In the following sections of this book we will look at the many ways in which students respond to the Lincoln story. We can use only a few of the many items sent in from secondary schools all over the country. They represent the talent, idealism, the understanding, of young people who, because of their particular study of Lincoln, are surely wiser and more dedicated citizens.

I. From Frontier Log Cabin to White House

The American dream of the highest success as being within the reach of the lowliest persons is epitomized in the Lincoln story. Youth in today's secondary schools, as they read and thought about Lincoln, were deeply impressed by the achievement of this man who could hardly have been born in less auspicious circumstances.

In a commemorative program at Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo., Susan Trampe had this to say:

New Salem, the pioneer village, seems insignificant now. It did not last as long as Lincoln himself, but fell rapidly into decay. Yet, as I visited there last summer, I was able to feel some of that great pioneer spirit which must have inspired Lincoln. The feeling cannot really be explained, but it is that feeling which drives men to climb new mountains, blaze new trails, and to conquer the elements about him.

Jean Thompson, in a speech in the same program, titled her contribution "Log Cabin to White House Career." She reviews the salient facts in Lincoln's career as they demonstrate the thesis of her speech.

The school newspaper of Albany High School, Albany, Ind., in a special edition dated "April 15, 1865," stated in its editorial:

Abe must have possessed a little something extra—a little more than the normal "five senses," the normal kindness and honesty. There had to be something in him to spur him on to raise himself from life in a log cabin in the backwoods country to the ultimate of a man's desires—the White House.

The poverty and crudeness of his first home impressed 9th-grader Catherine Waller, student at Mary M. Bethune High School, Halifax, Va.:

Lincoln's first home was a one room log cabin. It had a door with leather hinges, a small window covered with oiled deerskin and a chimney made of sticks and clay. The floor was of hard packed earth. His life was like that of other pioneer children in the Kentucky wilderness of that day.

An 11th-grade student writes:

To youth he represents all that is good and to be imitated. But above all, his is the greatest of "rags to

riches" stories. Born of poor backwoods parents, he went on to attain the highest position in the government of the United States. His honesty, integrity, and tolerance are an invitation for all to do likewise.

Before the face of American youth stands an example for all to follow—Abraham Lincoln.

—Michael Brozociv, St. Gregory High School, Detroit, Mich.

In poetry students have stated the wonder of youth that from the frontier, having nothing of worldly goods, could come such greatness:

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR

A crude little cabin	Lincoln his name
Deep in the wood	A great man, known to all
Who could be born there?	For answering the slaves
A president could.	Their freedom call.

Donna Sayler, Emmitsburg High School, Emmitsburg, Md.

ABE LINCOLN

Abe Lincoln's beard
Was big and black
His eyes were deep and blue.
His clothes were formed
From a burlap sack
And his hat was an ill fit too.
But despite the looks
Of his lanky frame
His soul was kind and good.
He was not despised
For his crude attire
Nor hated for his looks;
No men look up to a man like Abe
For his life was good and true.

His life began in a poor man's shack
And a poor boy he was raised,
But the finest things he never lacked
For his conduct was worthy of praise.
His education was not the kind
That great men often gain
But he was the master of his mind
And the tutor of his brain.
He rose from the shack
To the White House halls
By living his life above
The willful crowd
Who shouted loud

When slavery's question brewed.
 His life was guided
 By truth and right,
 By standards firmly upheld.
 He rose from poverty
 To fame's great height
 By living a life that was true.

John K. Stoner, Bermudian Springs High School,
 East Berlin, Pa.

LINCOLN

Quite young was he
 When he had to see
 What the books would say.
 He walked many a long mile
 For something worthwhile—
 For that was his way.

He studied at night
 By the dim candle light,
 And worked diligently all the day.
 His thoughts were for others,
 He made us all brothers—
 For that was his way.

Nancy Woelke, Providence High School, Chicago,
 Ill.

Another aspect of the inspiring achievement of Lincoln was the fact that what he gained was in spite of his total lack in formal education. The youth of today find this particularly impressive:

To me the most remarkable thing about Lincoln is the fact that he, and he alone, was responsible for his greatness. He educated himself completely with the crudest of resources and worked his way up to the presidency from almost nothing. Lincoln is a shining example, in these days of relative ease, of what can be done under the most difficult circumstances if one has the will to do it.

James C. Sherburne, Boston Latin School, Boston,
 Mass.

The same thought is echoed by Dorothy Branchick, St. Gregory School, Detroit, Mich.:

To a high school student, Lincoln appears as an educated, patriotic, and honest citizen. But the main question is why has he lived for over 100 years in the minds of the American people. It is not because he was a product of formal education. On the contrary, as a boy Lincoln's total schooling was 3 months. There had been far more intelligent people in the world than Lincoln who have been forgotten long ago. However, it is not his small amount of education that is outstanding but the way in which he had received it. He became acquainted with history, grammar, and surveying from books by reading alone by candle or woodlight fire after his daily work around the farm was finished. He husked corn for the loan of one book and walked 18 miles for the loan of another. Lincoln came from a poor family and thus was

lacking many of the advantages that we now have. In fact, Lincoln was never in a college or academic building until he had a law license. What he had in the way of education he had picked up himself. The teenagers of today should be inspired from his example.

As a model for today's youth, Steven Lipper of Boston Latin School, Boston, Mass., presents his portrait of Lincoln:

For me, the life of Abraham Lincoln illustrates that through education and self-improvement the ordinary American citizen may achieve success.

In Lincoln's day, less than 150 years ago, books were inaccessible to the frontiersman. A man who knew even the scantiest amount of Latin was considered to be educated, since the wilderness offered only the barest fundamentals of learning. Surely, everyone has at some time read of Abraham Lincoln's early education at a schoolhouse built of logs, with a dirt floor, no window, and one door. The story of how young Abe, by the flickering firelight, with a piece of charcoal, wrote and ciphered on an old wooden shovel is a famous one. Such were the conditions under which Abraham Lincoln endeavored to broaden and strengthen the strong reasoning faculties with which he had been endowed.

Many people fail to realize that Lincoln's self-education did not cease with his entrance into manhood but that all his life he continued to seek new knowledge. He keenly understood that knowledge is power, and perhaps his success rested upon this fact. Patient self-instruction and intensive reading gave Lincoln that eloquence of language which enabled him to become an effective orator and a competent leader.

During his entire political career, Abraham Lincoln was a strong advocate of education, books, religion and morality. Indeed, he became the champion of American free education, for he believed that the principles of a democratic society may be preserved only by educating its people.

Several students chose to imagine what Lincoln might have been like among his own contemporaries and in the eyes of his own family, as illustrated by the following poem:

ABE 'UZ DIFFER'NT

"you ast me my name.
 Wal, Lincoln it is, Tom Lincoln;
 Yes, Abe 'uz my son,
 Born on a Kaintucky claim.

"Abe 'uz differ'nt
 Than any other boy
 He needed schoolin'
 More 'n ta work in th' soil.

"Abe 'uz alus dreamin'
 He'd read inta th' night;
 He'd lay by th' fire,
 With th' flames fer his light.

"Abe 'uz a strong 'n ;
 He could throw
 Men twice 't his age ;
 I teached him ta shoot,
 But he didn't go fer huntin'

"It sorta bothered me,
 How Abe could be so full
 O' questions he'd axe
 O' all he'd see.

"Abe 'uz differ'nt
 That's fer shore ;
 I'd like ta know
 Ef'n he stayed pore.

"Or ef'n, as he growed
 And become a man,
 He kep' on studyin'
 And mebbe ran
 Fer county surveyor,
 Or mebbe even gub'ner.
 Who'd know?"

John Beetz, Mendota High School, Mendota, Ill.

LINCOLN—A VERITABLE GIANT OF A MAN

What makes a man like Lincoln? What gave him that thirst for knowledge that led him to walk miles to borrow a book? What made him strong enough to face a nation and make decisions that turned thousands against him and their country? How does a man like Lincoln happen—for surely he was no ordinary man.

One hundred and fifty years ago a baby cried, and Abe Lincoln told the world he was here. No one heard but his mother, the gentle Nancy Hanks, and his father, Thomas Lincoln. No trumpets heralded the arrival of this leader of men who was born in a tiny log cabin in the wilderness. . . .

Because Lincoln lived, America believes a little more deeply that "all men are created equal." Because he lived, chains were broken that held half a nation to old traditions and customs—to an antiquated and stagnant way of life while the rest of the country was growing and progressing. Because Abe Lincoln lived, the inevitable break between North and South was able to be mended. Abe Lincoln made his life count.

But because he died when he did, his dreams of real union between North and South weren't realized until the South had been "wrung dry" for decades. Not until a very little while ago did the South begin to pull out of the stupor that years of bitterness forced them into. Had Abe Lincoln lived, perhaps those bleak years could have been avoided. . . .

Abe Lincoln without a conscious effort to do so became a figure men will long respect and remember. When such a man lives, the world should know—the world knew.

Judy Hamner, Kate Duncan Smith, DAR School,
 Grant, Ala.

COUNTRY BOY

Country boy with dusty feet,
 Wide, wide grin for all you meet.
 Did you hear the wild geese call?
 Did you feel then, nine feet tall;

Know the longing to be free,
 Echoing loudly through the trees?

Dreaming dreams of the very young,
 Conquering worlds with impassioned tongue.

Swing your shoulders, try that strength,
 Feel the road has more than length.

Could you see down through the years,
 A nation bathed in all your tears ;

Hear again the wild geese call,
 Asking freedom for them all ;

Know the world would bless your name,
 Write A. Lincoln in halls of fame?

Jan Huss, Mendota High School, Mendota, Ill.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

As a young boy he often amused himself and others by standing on a tree stump and imitating some preacher or politician who had recently spoken in the neighborhood. Who would have ever dreamed that the Gettysburg Address would come to pass. These strong, firm shoulders once steadied an ax; now they balanced a nation. His huge hands first guided the reins of a horse team, then the reins of a country.

Shirley Jahoda, St. Theresa High School, Decatur,
 Ill.

THE TRUE AMERICAN

One hundred and fifty years ago, a squawling baby made his first appearance. This happened in one of the thousands of log cabins dotting America's countryside. We shall talk about him and evaluate his greatness. He is Abraham Lincoln.

Who of his early friends would ever have thought that he would be President? Certainly not Lincoln himself. He had the most unpromising background imaginable. His parents were poor, hard working pioneers; his father, constantly on the move, never really put down roots anywhere.

Although Lincoln had to work from the time he was a small boy, he found a few spare hours to comb the countryside for all the available books. These provided him with a basic education. Such an avid interest in learning set this tall, strong boy apart from his contemporaries, even though he could wrestle with the best of them when goaded into it.

As Lincoln grew older, he left home to search for better jobs. While on a flatboat to New Orleans, he first came into contact with slave conditions. Never having any money to spare, he took a job as postmaster to be able to read the newspapers that came in. As Lincoln came in contact with more and more people, he found that they were attracted to him. They just naturally liked a person who made them feel comfortable. His friends, seeing this, persuaded him to run for the Illinois Legislature in 1834. The people of his county quickly put great faith in him and he was elected. His early career was not startling to any degree. In Springfield, however, he had the opportunity to watch many of the masters in the game of poli-

tics. He came to describe himself as "a learner always" . . .

In 1850, Lincoln began a long series of political debates with Stephen A. Douglas. In that year, Douglas was the leading orator in the great drama of American politics. He had no worries that he would be outshone by such a bumpkin as Abraham Lincoln. But Douglas had not reckoned on the ability of the people of America. They saw through his thin veneer of properness and his excellent speechmaking. To them, Lincoln was the better man in all respects merely because he was for them every inch of the way. He did not become enthralled with the sound of his own voice probably because it was a rather irritating one. He was not preoccupied by his appearance because his height and his lankiness made clothes hang on him in scare-crow fashion. He was the complete antithesis of the politician's politician. Instead, he was what a leader of the people should be; their representative to do their bidding.

Margaret Hill, Malverne High School, Malverne, N.Y.

In a thoughtful examination of the historical circumstances surrounding Lincoln's birth, Rob Harris, in his graduation speech at Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo., had this to say:

UP FROM LOG CABIN

On a Sunday morning, the 12th of February 1809, in a one-room log cabin, with a single window and an earth floor, a few miles from Hodgenville, Ky., the child who was to be named "Abraham Lincoln," was born. He was the first son, the second child, of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln.

Abe was born into the world George Washington had known; . . . the old, slow-moving one of sails and horses; but a new striking era was beginning. Our national leaders had been of an Eastern culture. At the time of Lincoln's birth, George Washington had been dead less than 10 years, Thomas Jefferson was still living. The scholarly James Madison was to be inaugurated President the next month. It was appropriate that Lincoln came from the West, for the West was the setting of this new age. In this modern age new nations would be formed, new lands opened up, new struggles for freedom won. This generation would see many new and marvelous inventions: the first steamboat, the railroad, then the telegraph and cable. These inventions shortened time and distance and made, more than ever, the lives of people and nations into one single story.

Let us return, however, to the simple backwoods log cabin. Lincoln's father, an uneducated, easygoing man, managed a meager living.

In 1818, great sorrow came to the Lincoln's. Abe's mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, died. The family was living on Pigeon Creek in Indiana. The world was dark for Thomas Lincoln and his poor children, who grew shabbier every day. A year after Nancy's death, Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky on a quest for a wife, and returned married to Sarah Johnston. Energetic and sensi-

ble, she managed her family easily and she hustled Thomas into putting a floor, door, and windows into the cabin.

The new mother liked for Abe to study and would chase the other children out of the cabin if they bothered him.

Of formal education, Abe had about as much as other pioneer boys—a negligible amount. He went to school less than a year, learned to write his name and tried to outshout the other children who studied aloud to prove they were working. The school was a "blab school"—after the frontier style of that day. Abe was well liked and was good at games.

The school closed in the spring but Abe continued to study. Neighbors lent him books: *Robinson Crusoe*, *Aesop's Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Weem's Life of Washington*. To write he used charcoal and the back of a wooden shovel, since pencil and paper were hard to obtain. Abe enjoyed reading from the Bible, the only book owned in the cabin.

He remembered well, thought much, and diligently exercised the knowledge he gained. Still, he was a boy among boys, loving fun and not enamored of manual toil. He worked at home, on the neighboring farms, and clerked at odd times in Gentry's store. He was immensely strong; in felling trees he could do the work of three men. Abe had grown into a young giant—but the greatness of Lincoln's genius, which commands our admiration, was slow to reveal itself.

At 19, he accompanied Gentry's son on a flatboat trip to New Orleans. It was Lincoln's first sight of the outside world. He came into conscious contact with slavery for the first time, witnessing an auction sale of negroes, and vowed that if ever the opportunity came to "hit" that system he would "hit it hard"—which he did, many years later—on September 22, 1862, with the Emancipation Proclamation.

When Abe was 21, the family moved to Illinois. The invariable log cabin was put up on a bluff near Decatur. It was there that Lincoln split the historic rails. Abe left home at 22, settling in New Salem. Presently he was studying law, and on March 1, 1837, was admitted to the bar. The important Springfield days followed; Lincoln prospered in the law, and at the age of 33, was married to Mary Todd.

When Lincoln took his seat in Congress in 1847, he found himself in the company of the last of the giants of the old age—Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, and John C. Calhoun.

Lincoln rose above his surroundings, in which he had little schooling, no wealth and no family influence, to become the man whose name is now enrolled highest among the types of our National ideals.

The recurrent theme of the achievement of the American dream—from log cabin to White House—is stated again and again by the youth of America:

I feel that Lincoln stands as the supreme type of the democratic statesman; and the ideals which he expressed in his speeches, his letters, and his daily life are now the treasured possessions of the American nation. Lincoln,

by birth and training, was—in a literal sense—a man of the common people. Lincoln was born in a log cabin and his entire schooling covered less than a year; he could make no claim to aristocratic blood, to scholarship, or to social prestige. He was what he was by virtue of inborn greatness.

Barbara Croseen, Providence High School, Chicago, Ill.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: ORIGINAL EPITAPH

Born to obscurity
And reared to greatness
With courage to stand
Erect and proud
For man, an Ideal
Truth, Faith, Humility
There stands the Man, of quality
Forever venerable, forever Immortal.

Carol Holtschlag, St. Joseph's Academy, Tucson, Ariz.

From a junior high school student comes the following:

A MAN FOR THE AGES

A dying mother touching with loving fingers the tear-streaked face of her boy whispering "Be somebody Abe."

A lanky, homely lad stretched out on the floor before the open fire reading, thinking, far into the night.

A splitter of rails, a champion wrestler, a farmer, a storekeeper.

A funny story teller who could make a cat laugh.

A young lover turning away from the grave of his sweetheart with a face of a man grown old.

A sincere man, a lover of justice, a hater of cruelty, who said of slavery, "If I ever have a chance to hit this thing I'll hit it hard."

An awkward orator with coat sleeves and trousers too short but with a spiritual light in his eyes.

A man who rode in a day coach while his opponent rode in a special train.

A man who was found down on his knees playing marbles with a group of boys when news came that he had been elected President of the United States.

A gaunt, tired man on the rear platform of his train, in the drizzling rain bidding goodbye to the neighbors he loved.

A man of destiny at the helm of the ship of state with blackened skies, high seas, and the lightning flashes and thunder of war.

A man with one desperate idea—to save the Union.

A writer of tender letters to widowed mothers who gave their sons for the cause.

A pardoner of boys who could not be blamed if their legs were cowardly.

A man of infinite patience who held on through blame and faltered not at praise.

A man so humble he said he would hold a general's horse if that general would win victories.

A man who loved all men and lived and preached charity for all and malice toward none.

A man who signed with a steady hand the proclamation that struck the shackles from the slaves.

A man who lived to see his cause triumph.

A man whose death set free for all mankind a great soul that shall bless, inspire, and encourage until time shall be no more.

THIS WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Wilferd A. Peterson, James S. Deady Junior High School, Houston, Tex.

An 8th-grade student says this:

ODE TO MR. LINCOLN

In a lowly cabin he was born
On a bright and sunny morn.
Nancy was his mother and,
Sarah was his sister's name
Thomas was his father and,
His and grandpa's were the same.
As a young lad he could wrestle and run
Skin the cat and have lots of fun.
But unlike other boys in those days
He soon outgrew his childish ways.
He soon developed the mind of a man
And took his father's work in hand.
He was fair and square in all of his play
And practiced good deeds every day.
He preached about fairness to lad and babe
And soon became known as "Honest Abe."
When he was only twenty-one
He could split logs weighing nearly a ton.
When he tackled a job he was never a quitter
And because of his job he was called the rail-splitter.
He was tall and lanky and as strong as a "gator,"
But prompt in his duty as the President, later.
He was just and sincere, conquered battle and strife
And lived to help others, til Booth took his life.

Sally E. Wright, Mary M. Bethune High School, Halifax, Va.

An 11th-grade student sums up her ideas about "Lincoln—the Immortal Legend":

The peculiar tenacity of the Lincoln legend and tradition, and his adoption by many peoples over the earth as one of their own heroes trace to his personality and to issues that center in him. He had a personality with tragic and comic elements marvelously mixed. His life and utterances are taken by many the world over as the best personal key to the operation of "the American experiment," or to the mysteries of democracy. All of the drama that was attached to his rising from the lowliest of the working class to the authoritative power where he "struck the shackles from three million slaves" was intensified by his assassination as he sat in a box at Ford's Theater in Washington on April 14, 1865.

Marcella Rosochacki, St. Ladislaus High School, Detroit, Mich.

The "common man" theme runs through the long narrative poem by Kathleen Creighton, Kern Valley High School, Lake Isabella, Calif.:

ABE

I

The scene is harsh, and bleak, and cold;
The sun's soft warmth, its rays of gold,
Hide from the men, who, along the way,
Tell of a babe that is born this day.
"He's born without a chance," they said.
"Not even a place to lay his head.
Less than the dust beneath our feet,
Just barely got shelter, and food to eat."

II

The scene has changed; the sickness came.
Death chose alike from poverty . . . fame.
Death took your mama, homely lad;
You with eyes so dark and sad.
Death took your ma, but don't let go;
Read your book by the fireside's glow.
Your young head fill with knowledge and truth;
Learn with the energy of youth.

III

The scene is spring; the world is glad.
Put down your book, long lanky lad.
Take up a plow or a hefty axe!
Bend your youth into the task!
Split rail fences, tend Salem's store,
Keep a laugh on your face, though your back be sore,
And above all else, lad, never forget
That the Laws God gave us are with us yet.
Be honest and kind to your fellow man,
Keep God in your heart and Bible in hand.

IV

The scene again changes; lank lad, you're a man.
You've been down to Orleans; you've seen this great land.
You've seen men in chains for the hue of their skin . . .
And your heart holds the memory of man's greatest sin.
You've stood by the grave of a lovely young lass
And asked of all nature, of trees, and of grass,
"Is the God that does this, the God of great love?"
Asked this in wild grief, of the stars up above.

V

The scene is a courtroom; you've passed the bar.
Young man, you're a lawyer, and bound to go far.
You'll not give your service to those of bad name,
You may not win riches, and comfort, and fame,
But work to defend only that which is right;
Young man, you'll be certain to win your Great Fight.
You'll march into Congress, your homely head high,
While men of the nation throw hats to the sky.

VI

The scene is a battle; a nation at war.
You, man in the White House, your heart is sore.
Your country is suffering from trouble within,
And brother fights brother, kin against kin,
Oh! God knows a nation divided can't stand!
A nation divided . . . man against man.
You lead this great nation, in your heart you know . . .
The sadness reflects in your eyes, from your soul;
You know man was not meant to make slave of man,
You know they were all cast and made by God's hand!
You made your decision, your country's at war;
Your shoulders are stooped; great burdens they bore.
Your heart is so kind—you've malice toward none,
Your only wish . . . the Divided be one.

VII

The scene is changed; war's end is nigh.
The suffering of millions reflects in your eye.
Stand tall, kindly man, though your face be etched deep
With the lines of sorrow, of nights without sleep.
Let your troubled gaze sweep o'er Gettysburg's hill;
Death took her toll . . . now the clamor is still.

VIII

The final scene opens; a world cold and dark.
Great man, on your last great voyage embark.
Your life has been filled with sorrow and grief . . .
Perhaps your last breath was drawn in relief.
You've buried a sweetheart, you've buried a son . . .
Yet you've rescued a nation, your battle's been won.
You joked with disaster while your heart was sad;
Your shoulders are bent, but your Country is glad.
In Charleston streets a black woman cries:
"Great Massa is dead!" and a whole world cries.
Your nation's in mourning, 'tis for you they weep,
Weep as you lie in Eternal sleep.
Through faith and through kindness you've earned your
fame;
Abe Lincoln, all mankind remembers your name!

Two brief essays, both from the same school, and both by 11th-grade students, indicate in a very direct fashion what the Lincoln story can mean to today's youth:

ABE LINCOLN AS AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH

Abe Lincoln's life is a good example for the youth of today. Abe walked many miles one day to return change to a person whom he had shorted while a clerk in a store. How many people today would go out of their way like that to perform an act of honesty to someone?

Lincoln had no prejudices. He obtained emancipation for the negro slaves who were working in the cotton fields. He didn't think that they were inferior to him.

Abe loved to study. While he worked in a general store, he would stretch out on the counter and study his grammar. At night in his home, he sprawled out on the floor and studied by the light of the burning logs in the fire place.

The Lincoln family wasn't rich nor influential. Abe got to be president by hard work. He walked to school barefoot and often toiled in the fields all day.

Too many youths today think that if you come from a family which isn't very well off you haven't a chance in the world. But Abraham Lincoln's life proves that idea erroneous, and is a challenge to modern youth to know the true values of life.

—Victor Sanerica, St. Gregory High School, Detroit, Mich.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE TEENAGER

When Abraham Lincoln was born, no great celebration was held, since it meant to a poor pioneer farmer, many more mouths to feed. Even in this atomic age a baby's birth is not celebrated whether you are poor or wealthy.

Abe's teenage life was quite different than that of today's teenager. Every day from daybreak to sunset, Abe labored under the piercing sun, plowing, planting, and weeding. When you yourself, look about in the 20th century, rarely do you see in the northern part of America a boy plowing, planting, and weeding. An American boy is usually tearing down the street in his jazzed-up hot-rod, or dancing to the crazy beat of rock 'n' roll, or modern jazz. In school he usually is slouched in his desk and only half attentive to the instructor trying to bang into his head that day's lesson. Abe could hardly

get his hand on a book and schooling was very scarce in his pioneer days. But even these hindrances of schooling did not stop Abe. He was always an eager listener to those people who were willing to teach him all that they knew would help him obtain a better place in the world.

Even though Abe did not have the free high standard schooling that I, as a teenager, am able to secure, he became one of the greatest of Presidents of the United States.

—Sharei Taylor, St. Gregory High School, Detroit, Mich.

Through poetry, essays, speeches, many young people found the essence of the Lincoln story in the amazing qualities of a man who could achieve so much when lacking every advantage. Perhaps with current emphasis upon material things, upon knowing the right person and having "pull," the reminder of the Lincoln story is needed. In the America of today, we need to recall, there is an enduring belief in the inherent qualities of a person which can lead him to greatness; the humblest and the least can also dream great dreams and create new hope for mankind.

II. Lincoln and Love

In his research paper entitled "The Feminine Influence," Bill Achenbach, of Community High School, Geneva, Ill., states:

"Behind every successful man, there is a woman." This phrase has been stated and restated so often through the ages that it has become one of the best known banalities of our times. Although I hesitate to fill this discourse with such hackneyed expressions, I do believe that it expresses the reason for my choice of topics better than any original statement of mine.

In casting about for some part of Lincoln's life to delve into, I was in a quandary. What was there about the man which would be interesting to study, which I hadn't heard numerous times before? I was pondering over this question when the above saying came to my mind. Abraham Lincoln was certainly a successful man up to the time of his tragic death. Did women play an important role in his life? I found that I could not answer this question. Oh, of course, I had heard names like Mary Todd Lincoln and Ann Rutledge, but I couldn't tell much more about them than that they were usually associated with the name of Abraham Lincoln. It was then that I decided to find out about some of the female influences in Lincoln's life and how they helped to shape his destiny.

For many youth, the story of the women who influenced Lincoln was of particular importance and interest. What was the influence of his own mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln? Two poems express the feelings of their youthful writers:

MY SON, ABRAHAM

He clung so tightly to me then,
To no one can he cling again.
He is the leader now, of men,
And so alone he stands.
His smooth, young face is lined and marred,
His quick, keen mind is deeply scarred.
His country by war's fire is charred,
Its future in his hands.

I watched him playing as a boy,
And learning to his strength employ.
I've known his sorrow and his joy,
And heard him softly pray.
But now he's learned to bear the strain
Of years of hate, of years of pain,
Of watching his land's life-blood drain,
Struggling to find the way.

I've seen him run as the wind blows,
And pause in spring to watch a rose,
Or pick the burrs from his clothes,
While walking in the sun.
The burden falls, he's stooped and bent,
His strength, his energy is spent,
Like his country, his heart is rent,
And longs to be as one.

The gray, the blue, and Death is rife,
He gave part of his heart in strife,
He gave much more—he gave his life,
And lay there cold and still.
I watched him learn to read and write,
With borrowed books by firelight,
And study far into the night,
In warmth or winter's chill.

And men now call him great and wise,
The light of brilliance in his eyes,
With sorrow clouded like the skies,
Makes all so dim.
How can I know all this?—I know
Because my God is good, and so
He took me home to watch him grow,
To watch and wait for him.

Elizabeth Marcello, Holy Rosary Academy, Union City, N.J.

From a 7th-grader:

AN ANSWER TO NANCY HANKS

Yes, Nancy Hanks, we know of your son,
The world remembers what he has done.
His freeing of slaves has won him fame,
And we all know his immortal name.

Though when you died Abe was quite small,
He finally grew to be *mighty* tall.
From a tiny log cabin in 1809,
Abe went to a president's home, very fine.

He learned to read by light of the fire,
And struggled to learn what lawyers require.
He went to big towns, that son of yours,
And traveled the country on campaign tours.

Brave, courageous, and bold was he,
A champion of peoples' liberty.
He saved the slaves from pain and strife,
And I'll remember him all my life.

Susan Martin, Emmitsburg High School, Emmitsburg, Md.

The impressive relationship that Lincoln is reported to have developed with his stepmother finds a responsive answer in the creative and imaginative essay by Frances Carroll, St. Basil Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.:

I KNEW ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln a king? He who was born and reared in a log cabin located in the wilds of Kentucky of illiterate parents? Whose clothes were not the type that you boys wear, but rather of deerskin and linsey-woolsey? Who was educated by "littles," and mimicked and scorned by his fellow companions? But lastly, I entreat are these to be or not to be the determinants of his worthiness of such a royal title? If the public, with its opinion will preside on the bench, I, the first witness, will take the stand under oath.

To tell the truth about Mr. Lincoln is quite simple, your honor, for Abe represented truth. It's true we early settlers had very little to offer our offspring, but this in no way hampered them, not alone Abe. He was a laboring industrious boy with horny hands, who swung an axe, and tilled his lands faster and better than a pack of wild horses. With all the work of a new settlement, there was not much time for schooling, but nevertheless, Abe learned to read and write, and what's more, to think for himself. During his teens and early twenties, he perpetually secured odd jobs here and there, often times just helping neighbors as a good will act. All this time he was becoming known to the people far and wide as a shy, awkward man, but honest and good-natured. Encouraged to continue his studies, he diligently worked to become a lawyer despite personal and financial handicaps. Later he became an attorney and sure enough began to win clients. It was the qualities of courage and trust in the people that made our simple-minded boy the great leader of the republic. Abe was so tenderhearted that it hurt him to see anything suffer; maybe that's why he performed the greatest act of the Presidency—the freeing of the slaves. Despite opposition there was much rejoicing on behalf of all sides that ended all too soon. All were filled with sorrow and anger against the man who had executed such a mournful act. Surely you remember the death of Lincoln, Friend of the Slaves, your honor.

Judge and distinguished members of the jury, whatever your verdict might be, Abraham Lincoln is a king in heart to me, about whom he lovingly said, "All, that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Few romances have been more debated than that of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln. The response of youth to this story ranges all the way from romantic exultation in the drama of disappointed love, to scholarly annoyance with the conflicting testimony of supposedly accurate and objective historians:

EVER-FADING HAPPINESS

The tiny path tiptoed down the hill and blushed a little as the setting sun spotted it here and there as it left the cover of the trees. An occasional bird twitter was the only sound except for the low murmur and bubbling laughter of two people walking down the path. They made a rather strange silhouette against the ever-fading orange sky. The tall lanky figure of a man towered several feet above a bonnet outlined against the sky with a petite figure underneath it. As the two strolled down the path they were happier than all of nature on a summer evening.

By the time they had reached the foot of the hill the little settlement below looked as if the sun had dropped a few sparks on it and then fled over the mountainside. Before they knew it they were in the midst of the spark-sprinkled village and were surrounded by irregularly-built log cabins. They stopped at one of these cabins and terminated their blissful evening with a fond "good night" and before he knew it, the door had closed behind her and only the streaks of light escaping from the cracks were there.

He turned away slowly with a happy glow radiating from his angular features, and with a sweep of his large hand through his hair was on his way down the road. His huge boots crunched under him as they carried him at a thoughtful pace over the rutty road. He slipped his hands into his pockets and gazed at the first little stars of the night that peeked out from their sudden black covering. Happy thoughts of Ann ran through his mind. Soon they would be married. He didn't have much to offer; in fact, things were pretty bad since he owed so much on the store. But little Ann had faith in him; she believed in him so much that he was sure he could do anything just for her. This thought quickened his stride and brought him into his small room in back of the store. He set to work with the determination that only a young man in love could possess.

The next morning Abe awoke to the slight tapping of rain on the cabin roof. He pulled on his boots, threw open the heavy door and set out on his early morning errands, traveling with huge strides over the muddy ruts. As he returned to the store the rain pitter-pattered on his hat, but its merriment only aggravated his ill humor. It had been a gray morning but he felt even grayer since he had met Mrs. Rutledge and she had informed him that Ann was ill. She told him that "that cough" had flared up again.

The sun didn't show its face that day and a slow drizzle played continuously on the roof. It was the perfect day to do the things "saved for a rainy day." Only Abe didn't have anything saved. He tried to arrange the various things on the shelves, sweep the floor and do a million other odd jobs. Even his favorite pastime of stretching out on the counter and reading his book couldn't keep him occupied today. No matter what he did he ended up pacing the floor and worrying about Ann. She coughed more and more lately, and she was so terribly frail anyway. . . .

Finally when evening arrived he hurried down the road to Ann's house. She appeared weak and pale and it

grieved him to see the dullness in her usually smiling eyes. However, she assured him with a faint smile that she would be much better by tomorrow.

But tomorrow came; days and even weeks passed and she did not get better. Each day she grew paler and her coughing increased. Before long she was so frail and thin that she actually seemed to be melting away. Abe grew pale and haggard from his sleepless nights of constant anxiety. But all his fretting and labors on her behalf were to no avail. For one sunny afternoon when the gentle breezes rocked the trees to sleep and the fragrance of summer flowers numbed the world, she just faded away. She faded away like the pink glow that follows the sun as it slips into its heavenly cradle.

It was not she who entered the blackness of death but rather he who was left behind. Her quiet departure plunged him into a great whirling gloom of despair. As she had faded away she had ripped a part of his heart from him.

From that day on he could stand the quiet village of Salem no more. In every laughing bluebell growing on the hillside he saw her smiling eyes. In every waving wild flower he saw her rippling hair as it caught the golden sunlight. There was not a ripple in the brook in which he could not hear her soft bubbling laughter. In everything he saw her sweet face framed by the soft lines of her blue bonnet.

He could stand it no longer. The fiery glow of a summer sunset found him silhouetted against the sky as he rode down the trail to Springfield. He made a strange picture. His long legs dwarfed the horse who plodded on slowly toward the western mountains that were cuddling the dying sun. The tall figure rode on until the dark night had completely enshrouded him.

Pamela Townsend, St. Joseph's Academy, Tucson, Ariz.

Another view:

Abraham Lincoln, throughout history, has often been referred to as a man in a world of men. From his boyhood to the Presidency, he was noted for his activities and thoughts, which were certainly those of a great man. Little thought, if any, is given to the women in his life, who it is said influenced him in his dealings with other women later in his life. . . .

According to tradition, Ann Rutledge was his first love. Ann was a beautiful girl, with auburn hair and blue eyes. Soon Lincoln proposed and they were betrothed. But Lincoln was at once seized with fear that he had done her an injustice. He told her they should wait, but time would not wait for her. That summer she was taken with a fever, and died soon after with him at her side. Ann's death was a tragic blow to Abe, and all through his life he carried this memory of his first romance with him.

Mary Ann Serschen, Collinwood High School, Cleveland, Ohio

The students at Cotter High School, Winona, Minn., presented a program "This Is the Story," in

which the major events in Lincoln's life were portrayed as living history. Here is the excerpt regarding Ann Rutledge:

RALPH: Here's another voice, Abe. Is this one familiar?

ANN RUTLEDGE: Do you remember me, Abe? I was your first love.

ABE: Ann, you were the first girl I ever cared for.

ANN: I remember the spring you came to New Salem. You worked as the Postmaster. My father owned a tavern and in the fall of 1832 you came to live here. I was engaged to John McNeil at the time. He came to town and nobody knew anything about his past. I was young and fell in love with him. The next year he left, promising to return. He never did. I later found out that his name wasn't even John McNeil.

My heart was broken, Abe, but you were there. You didn't let me know you loved me then. You waited until I was over the shock, and the sorrow, and was ready to love again.

In the spring of 1835, soon after your return from Vandalia, I promised to be your bride. I was only nineteen, then. Remember how we walked in the edge of the forest and talked of what a wonderful life we would have. We wanted to be married then, but we couldn't. You earned barely enough money to support yourself, and I wanted to finish school.

I was to go to Jacksonville with my brother to spend the winter in the academy, and you would devote yourself to studying law. We planned the wedding for the next spring, as soon as you were admitted to the bar.

That spring and summer were the happiest in my life, and in yours, too, Abe Lincoln. We were young, and we were in love and the whole world was at our feet.

And then it struck . . . the epidemic . . . Bilious fever, the settlers called it. I died, Abe, and you were alone.

They buried me in Concord cemetery, seven miles from New Salem. You came there often, and you wept. You later said to a friend, "My heart is buried there."

Perhaps what Edgar Lee Masters said on the epitaph is true. "Out of me, unworthy and unknown, the vibrations of deathless music."

I loved you, and though I never lived to fulfill that love, you have made my name immortal. The vibrations of the deathless music that you and I were a part of, shall echo forever.

Abe: Ann, your memory has always stayed with me.

A skeptical note is introduced regarding the Ann Rutledge romance by two realists:

Lincoln was shocked and saddened by the death of a pretty, young New Salem girl named Ann Rutledge. Lincoln had been very friendly with the Rutledge family and had spent a lot of time with Ann. These are the proved facts in the story of Ann Rutledge, which had been all but forgotten by the time that Lincoln became President. However, after Lincoln's death the story was again brought to light by William Herndon, a former law partner of Lincoln's. In his extensive search for material

for a biography of Lincoln, Herndon discovered this story and saw in it a way to wound Mary Lincoln, whom he intensely disliked. Relying mostly on the memories of old New Salem residents, Herndon wrote and delivered a speech in which he said that Lincoln had been engaged to Ann Rutledge and had loved her dearly and that she returned his love. She had, however, also been engaged to a man named John McNamar who had gone east and had failed to contact her for a long period of time. Herndon maintained that Ann became so worried and upset about her two suitors that she caught a prevalent fever and died. According to Herndon, Lincoln's heart was buried with her.

Since no contemporary evidence has been found to support this story, Lincoln scholars now feel that it is highly improbable that this romance ever took place. They now completely reject the theory that if this romance did take place, it could have exerted any enduring influence on Lincoln's life.

Laurinda Mary Taylor, Westborough High School,
Westborough, Mass.

There are as many varying opinions and diverse literary schools of thought concerning the romance of Abe Lincoln and Ann Rutledge as there are concerning the origin of Abe's mother. In my research on this subject, I was amazed to find out how contradictory history books are on this topic. While some authors say that Lincoln was madly in love with her and almost went insane when she died, others insist that it was but a fleeting romance, and, although sorrowful at her death, Lincoln always had complete control of his emotions.

However, most authors agree as to the picture of Ann Rutledge. "She was about five feet two inches tall, plump rather than slender, her weight as reported by friends, being from one hundred twenty to one hundred thirty pounds. Her hair was so light that some observers called it golden. She had large, blue eyes, rosy but delicate complexion, and very red lips."¹ Ann had been in love with John McNamar, a financier and land speculator from New York who had come to Illinois to make his fortune. It seems he must have had a somewhat shady past, for he went under the assumed name of John McNiel, and, just when his and Ann's love was at its height, he left for the East, saying he had to visit his parents. Ann Rutledge never saw or heard from him again. It has been said that she took up with Abraham Lincoln to try to forget McNamar, but this is doubtful.

As I related before, sources conflict all the way from saying that Lincoln raved like a lunatic when Ann Rutledge died to saying he cared little. I prefer to believe that the facts are somewhere between these two extremes. That the two knew each other and were friends there is no doubt. In a small town like New Salem, a young man like Abe would naturally have been attracted to a pretty young girl like Ann. He even lived in the Rutledge Tavern for a while. But I doubt that he was deeply in love with her when she died. He did not start to court

her until 1833, after McNamar left, and he was first elected to the state legislature in 1834. Thus he was away much of the time. When she died in 1835, he must have been deeply grieved, but I do not think he approached the verge of lunacy over her death. Abe Lincoln was not that kind of man. However, I do think that, had she lived, there is a very good chance that Abe would have married her. He was a slow-moving man, and it is highly possible that he was waiting for the right time to approach her with the question.

By this time, I have indirectly told why I think Ann Rutledge was an important milestone in Lincoln's life. It was during the time of his romance with her that Abe was first elected to a State congressional position. Thus in the future, when I think of Ann Rutledge, I will think of the time when Abraham Lincoln got his start in the field in which he was ultimately to become world famous.

My other reason for believing that Ann Rutledge deserves a place in this discourse is a simple one. In expressing it, I am agreeing with William E. Barton in his book, *The Women Lincoln Loved*. Most historians agree that, by nature, Abe Lincoln was a somewhat indolent man, loving comfort and ease. If Ann Rutledge had lived and married Abe, there is a good chance that he might have succumbed to the pleasures of a comfortable home and affectionate wife, and not gone on in the hectic world of politics. By thus domesticating him, Ann Rutledge would have robbed the United States of a great leader, and the slaves of an emancipator. She would have unknowingly performed a great injustice to her country. However, she died, and Abe did not become domesticated early: as a result, we will never know what might have happened.

Bill Achenbach, Community High School, Geneva,
Ill.

In summarizing his research, after a careful review of the story of Mary Todd and her marriage to Lincoln, Bill Achenbach concludes:

In a speech to Congress on the 150th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Carl Sandburg paid him a great tribute: "Not often in the story of mankind does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet, who is hard as rock and soft as drifting fog. . . ." This was the man, Abraham Lincoln. In relating these brief facts on the principal women in his life, I hope to have shown that even Lincoln, the "Great Emancipator," who was "hard as rock and soft as drifting fog," was nevertheless very human in that he was often ruled by the whims of women.

Students found the courtship and marriage of Lincoln to be of great interest, particularly in view of the tragedy that occurred and the repeated rumours of Mary Todd's emotional instability. Margaret Claffin, a 9th-grade student at Memorial Junior High School, Cleveland, Ohio, expressed her ideas in a poem:

¹ *Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858 I*, Albert J. Beveridge.

THEN LOVE REPLIED: A POEM REVEALING
THE THOUGHTS OF MARY TODD

I cannot tell why it is true,
But all the time I find
That only thoughts of Abraham,
Are in my heart and mind.
Oh rapturous song within my heart,
That makes it overflow,
Oh living song, could it be love
That makes my thoughts turn so?
Within my keeping has been placed
One life, one love to give,
So I must give both with wisdom
If happily I'd live.
Oh, do I love him truthfully,
My heart, and if so why?
Though his qualities are many,
Therein love does not lie.
Such honesty and bravery
Are by most men possessed.
Quite a bit more charm and culture
I've found in all the rest.
But there's something there within him,
Though recognized by few,
His leadership ability,
A way of life that's new.
And thus my love replies within,
So that I know it's true.
Now, Abraham, I'll give my love,
My very soul, to you.

In her preface to a research paper on "The Romance of Mr. Lincoln," Pat Forstie, Esko High School, Esko, Minn., states:

In this theme I will try to set in a simple and brief form the complicated romance in the life of Mr. Lincoln. I will try to summarize the romance of Lincoln in the truthful state as it should be instead of the fantastic story written by some biographers. My purpose is to give a clear picture of Mary and Abe as a typical American courtship.

And after reviewing the available facts regarding the probable romances in Lincoln's life and final marriage to Mary Todd, Miss Forstie concludes:

Lincoln's romance and courtship of several girls, after which he chose Mary Todd to be his wife, was a period in Lincoln's life that brought him many hardships, trials and pains. The pains were that of growing pains; did any man ever suffer more? In the end Lincoln seemed to choose the right person even with all the differences between the two for he loved Mary then and always.

The students are quick to rise to the defense of Mary Todd. Two boys state the case forcibly:

THE TRAGIC CASE OF MARY TODD LINCOLN

Mary Todd Lincoln is probably the most maligned woman in the history of the United States. This is due in part

to the falsehoods spread about her by Lincoln's associates, who felt she had an improper effect upon him. In truth Mary Lincoln was no different from any other mother who suffered so many heartbreaks in a lifetime. Her friends and colleagues turned against her in her moment of crisis. Her only living son turned against her and had her proven insane. What do you think would be the result of these incidents upon the tremendously burdened mind of such a woman?

Despite innumerable accusations against her, we can say conclusively from literary evidence and references that she loved her husband and her sons to the extent that their death placed a tremendous strain upon her mental faculties. Tragedies assailed her immovable character until finally the burden was too great. In spite of her position in society, her eccentric character was mistaken for insanity. The downfall of Mary Todd Lincoln had begun. But here is the evidence which restores Mary Lincoln to her rightful place in history and in the affections of the American people as a wife and mother who possessed and fully earned the love and admiration of her husband.

Admittedly, Mary Lincoln was eccentric, perhaps more eccentric than most people. There are hundreds of stories about her spending "sprees", hallucinations, and her oddness. Our research proves these to be justifiable. She was terribly sad and lonely. Mary Todd Lincoln bought presents for friends. She often cried aloud that someone was following her, and there was! Robert Todd Lincoln, her only surviving son, had Pinkerton men following her to "supposedly find out if she was sane or insane." Their testimony helped convict her. Robert Lincoln was persuaded to have her brought to trial by three of Abraham Lincoln's closest friends; Leonard Swett, Isaac N. Arnold, and Judge David Davis.

The trial itself was truly a farce, one of the saddest in history. The wife of Lincoln was convicted in less than 4 hours in a court procedure that could have been prearranged. One by one witnesses were called and testified against her. She was given no time to hire an attorney or summon her witnesses. She was committed to an asylum; they had accomplished their purpose. She was released later, only to spend the rest of her life in sickness and loneliness. Her friends spread the truth about her conviction, but to this day most people do not know the truth. It was indeed a tragic error in the history of our country: the "insanity" of Mary Todd Lincoln.

Walter Reisch and Peter Erio, Cathedral Boys High School, Springfield, Ill.

Another student, also from Cathedral Boys High School, Springfield, Ill., T. Earl Holbrook, reported in a brief research paper on the duel that Lincoln almost fought with James Shields over a misunderstanding involving Mary Todd, thus illustrating his gallantry and chivalry.

In the living history narrative presented by the students of Cotter High School, Winona, Minn.,

the courtship and love of Lincoln for Mary Todd is reported:

MARY TODD LINCOLN: Abe, do the words "love is eternal" inscribed on a gold wedding band mean anything to you?

ABE: Mary, dear!

MARY: We had been engaged to be married before and at that time you had said that love is eternal and I prayed ours would be. But when you didn't turn up for the wedding, which was to be a surprise for everyone else, I thought our love had died and I died a little too.

After two years you came back and in that moment we both knew that nothing would ever separate us again. We were married soon after. During the ceremony it was raining very hard and I knew rain depressed you. But Justice Browne of the Supreme Court suddenly made a surprising remark and everyone was convulsed with laughter. It drowned out the sound of the rain.

You had bought the ring before picking up the preacher and bringing him to my house. Later, while you signed the hotel register, I went up to our room and slipped the plain, gold band off my finger. It was inscribed with the words, "Love is eternal." And our love did indeed prove eternal though one has to endure a long time to find it out.

ABE: Do you remember the first time we met, Mary?

MARY: How could I forget, Abe? I had gone with my sister Elizabeth, and her husband, Ninian Edwards to a public debate. One of the speakers was being pulled off the stand because of his views when suddenly a trap door above the stand opened and a pair of long legs dropped out followed by the rest of a gaunt, dark-haired, man. He announced that this was a land of free speech and the man had a right to say what he felt. I found out later you were my cousin John Stuart's law partner.

And I remember the first time we met formally and how when I gazed into your eyes it seemed as if I were falling into bottomless depths. And when you smiled your slow smile that started first in your eyes, I wondered how anyone could call you an ugly man. You asked if you might call me Molly because you had known another Mary and the name still hurt. So, I was Molly for a long time.

People have tried to prove that you never loved me, that you married me out of duty and confusion, but you and I know they are terribly wrong. Ours was a love which lasted through every conceivable test and trial; ours was a love eternal.

ABE: Our love was eternal, Mary. You and I know it. We'll let the whole world know it.

In an imaginative playlet, five freshman at Ursuline Academy, Springfield, Ill., report on the women in Lincoln's life:

A TRIP TO A WAX MUSEUM

Cast of characters: Narrator; Museum guide; Little Diane, a visitor at the Museum; Diane's Mother; Sarah Bush Lincoln, A. Lincoln's stepmother; Mary Todd Lincoln, A. Lincoln's wife; Stephen A. Douglas, political rival of Lincoln.

ACT I—Scene I: Wax Museum

NARRATOR: Guide in a wax museum is describing the statues of Abraham Lincoln's mother, wife, and political opponent. As the first act opens, a group of people and the guide are gathered around the wax statue of Sarah Bush Lincoln. Little Diane and her mother are among the group.

GUIDE (*rapidly*): And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have here the wax statue of Abraham Lincoln's mother, Sarah Bush Lincoln. As you all probably know, this woman was Mr. Lincoln's stepmother—Abe's own mother died when he was nine years old. She was sympathizing and encouraging to young Abraham. Notice on this statue how the artist captured the distinct kindness and gentleness on her face. It was Sara Bush Lincoln of whom Abraham spoke when he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my aged mother." Shall we move on?

NARRATOR: Diane seems reluctant to leave. Mother takes her hand.

DIANE'S MOTHER: Come dear, the others are leaving us!

GUIDE: . . . and so, we come to the statue of Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's greatest political rival! In comparison, Lincoln and Douglas could remind you of a slender, stream-lined lizard and a clumsy, grotesque armadillo. Douglas was indeed a "little giant" and here the artist has captured him as a man of easy and natural dignity. Please, let us move to the left.

NARRATOR: Again Diane, by now completely fascinated by the wax figures lags behind.

DIANE'S MOTHER: DI --- ANNE! ! !

GUIDE: . . . and so the last statue of the tour, we see here, Mary Todd Lincoln, the wife of Abraham, and the mother of his children. From the expression on her face, one could not tell that she was a person of such variable temperaments. Shortly after the death of her husband, she was judged insane by a Chicago court—but one year later, the judgment was reversed. She went to Springfield to live with her sister. There, in the same house where she had first met Lincoln, she died.

This ladies and gentlemen, completes our tour of the museum. Please keep to the right going out. (*Exit*)

ACT II—Scene I: Home of the little girl: Diane

NARRATOR: It is bedtime for Diane. As the scene opens, Diane, all ready for bed, is kneeling, saying her prayers.

DIANE: . . . and God bless mommy, daddy, grandma, granpa, and thank you, God, for letting me see all those nice figures in the wax museum today! (*While mother is tucking her into bed*) Gosh, mommy, didn't those statues we saw in the museum today look real?

MOTHER: Yes, dear, now get to sleep. (*Mother exits.*)

Scene II: Diane's bedroom

NARRATOR: Diane, now asleep, dreams about the wax figures. (*Give dreaming effect by appropriate music.*) Sarah Bush Lincoln appears and walks over to the sleeping child.

DIANE: Oh, aren't you—a-a—I know, you are—

SARAH: Yes, Diane, I am Sarah Bush Lincoln, the mother of Abraham. I saw you in the wax museum today and

decided to pay you a visit! The guide told you very little of what my son was really like. That is the reason I have come—to tell you what I thought of him and what he really was. Almost every mother thinks that her son is the best—and I am no exception! However, I did realize that Abe was not faultless. I tried to correct his mistakes and develop his good traits. He was a boy of great ambitions—that is for his education—and always strove to better himself. Even as a boy, he was extremely tall, awkward and clumsy, but his honesty greatly surpassed all physical characteristics! I can truthfully say, I did my best to raise him to be a good man and I hope that his real mother, Nancy Hanks, was or would have been proud of him! Goodbye now, Diane, I hope you know a little more about Abe and that we will meet again!

DIANE: Goodbye and thank you, Mrs. Lincoln! (*While Sarah exits, music of a higher volume.*)

NARRATOR: And now, the sleeping Diane, restless and mumbling, dreams about Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's political opponent.

DOUGLAS: Diane, I am Stephen Douglas. I, too, saw you at the museum, remember? My purpose in coming to-night is to give you my opinion of Mr. Lincoln. To me, Mr. Lincoln was a man of unquestionable courage and honesty. He had a wonderful sense of humor that never failed him at those times when it was needed most. Although Lincoln was my political opponent, I had a truly sincere respect for him at all times. Diane, you might say that Mr. Lincoln and I had quite a few arguments. Their purpose was and is today, to show the people both sides of important questions—the ideal and healthy way for a democracy—our country—to build! Well, I must be going, so goodbye for now, Diane. (*Music rises as Douglas exits.*)

NARRATOR: The last statute, Mary Todd Lincoln enters Diane's dream. Immediately Diane recognized Mrs. Lincoln by the "odd pin with the lady's picture on it" which Mrs. Lincoln wore.

MARY: I am Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of Abe Lincoln and mother of his four children, Diane. I loved my husband greatly and I tried to be a good influence on him and our children. My life would never have been complete if I had not met Abe. After his death, my life was one of bitter loneliness and sadness. Abe, being a commoner himself, could always sympathize with the common—or I should say—the masses of people. I can truthfully say that he worked to the best of his ability as President of the United States and——

DIANE: Please pardon me, Mrs. Lincoln, but is that a real lady's picture on your beautiful pin?

MARY: Oh no, dear, it is a hand-carved cameo! It has always been my favorite. Perhaps the reason might be—it was the last gift I received from Abe. Here, dear (*Mrs. Lincoln removed the cameo from her dress*), in remembrance of our visit, I wish to give you my cameo and I do hope that you, too, will always cherish it. Farewell, Diane! (*Music rises—Mary exits*)

Scene III: Next morning. Mother enters Diane's bedroom

MOTHER: Good morning, Diane. Did you sleep well? You must have been quite tired last night—you talked so much in your sleep.

DIANE: Oh mommy, the people we saw yesterday, you know, the people in the museum? Well, they came to see me last night!

MOTHER: They did? Well, now, that was very nice and (concealing a smile) did the guide come, too, and (*seeing cameo*)—Diane! What's this, and where did you get it?

DIANE (very seriously): Why, mommy, from Mrs. Lincoln—she gave it to me last night.

(*Curtain closes as Mother's puzzled glance at Diane rapidly turned to one of incredulous amazement! ! !*)

Script prepared by: Mary Lou Fisher, Judith Santagrossi, Kathleen Moore, Catherine Vogel, and Alice Moreland, Ursuline Academy, Springfield, Ill.

From the pen of a 9th-grade girl comes a moving narrative poem describing the women who loved Lincoln:

THE LINCOLN I KNEW

I am Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abraham's mother and the woman who molded his character.

As a boy
Abe worked hard,
Sometimes I think
He had to work
 too hard,
But it taught him
To work
For what he wanted.
And work hard, he did
 in order
To be able to go to school
He always found time,
 among his chores,
To study
 and
 to learn
Everything
That he possibly could.
I never saw a boy with such a
Thirst for knowledge,
I tried
To teach him.
To teach him
To stand up for what
 he believed
And to fear God.
I taught him to be generous
 and kind,
 gentle
 and unselfish.

He was dear to me,
My knight,
 Altho' he pushed a plow.
I knew he was homely
But in his face,
Goodness
And kindness
Shone through the coarse features.
He was crude and rough-hewn
But he was gentle
 to me
And,
 I
 loved
 him.
Yes, I loved him,
But I know,
 even now,
That if we had wed
He would have
Lost
His chance at greatness,
Content
To live his life as a backwoods lawyer.
I didn't want to leave him,
 but,
Because I did,
His path was clear
To go on, to
 bigger
 and
 better
Things.
Did he achieve the greatness
He so much deserved?

 I wonder . . .

I am Mary Todd Lincoln, the woman who walked beside
Lincoln along his roughest roads.

No one understood him
But me.
He was rejected
By many people ;
Misunderstood
 and unhappy ;
Aloof ;
Alone.
He was uneducated in many things,
But he was human.
Although he was shy and eager to please,
He was
A rugged individualist.

Abe was a philosopher
With a deep regard
For people,
 understanding them,
Helping them.
Even when he became President,
Worrying,
 burdened by hundreds of cares,
He never deserted
The things he believed in.
So,
 also,
Was he faithful
To me ;
And, as he said,
Our love
 truly was
 eternal.

Deborah Clark Hughes, Memorial Junior High
School, Cleveland, Ohio.

As the preceding selections illustrate, the youth of America are moved by romance and the suggestions of tragedy. But they are also grave realists, and as often as they respond to the myth of Ann Rutledge, so are they moved realistically to destroy that myth. Their sympathies are with Mary Todd, but they can also see that she may have been a somewhat difficult woman. There is eternal fascination in the story of this man whose emotions and feelings ran deep; the lonely man who yet became the beloved hero of millions.

III. Lincoln—the Wise Humorist

Of the many facets of Lincoln that appealed to youth, one of the recurrent ones is that of his use of story and anecdote to handle a difficult situation, to devastate an opponent, to make decisions easier to accept. In words of one contributor:

Abraham Lincoln's humorous stories and anecdotes have been repeated so many times during the past century that many of them have become as familiar to us as Bible stories. Studying these anecdotes and stories gives us a deep insight into Lincoln's great life. However, it is said that if Lincoln had told even half the stories that have been attributed to him, he would have had to talk continuously for 246 years.

Lincoln's humor was certainly a most important part of his character. He probably would not have been able to endure the many crises of his presidential term without it. When criticized by a Congressman for telling stories instead of concerning himself with the country's welfare, Lincoln replied, "You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly; and I say to you now that if it were not for this occasional vent, I should die."

Anne K. Elberfeld, Westborough High School,
Westborough, Mass.

Another student saw the role of humor in Lincoln's life in these words:

In good times and in times of great distress, Lincoln's comic spirit was ever present. When things looked bad in war, Lincoln would crack jokes about the situation to cheer the men and raise their hopes. He made them feel that if he could be calm, they could be calm, too.

Even today, Lincoln's amusing stories lift the spirit. A good sense of humor is just as important today as it was in the time of Lincoln. It can help ease the tensions on the mind and can bring the hearts of man all over the world closer together in friendship.

James McCoy, Edgar Fahs Smith Junior High
School, York, Pa.

In introducing her research paper, "Anecdotes of Lincoln," a student had this to say:

There is only one likeness of Abraham Lincoln smiling. For many of us he is the brooding, melancholy figure of the Memorial in Washington, D.C. As we stand today in reverence before that somber statue, we may perhaps forget that Lincoln's contemporaries charged him with unseemingly levity in office. Or that London's Saturday

Review once referred to him as not only the First Magistrate, but the Chief Joker of the Land.

Humor was his bulwark against the bitter and bloody disasters of the Civil War. It was one of the things, if not the only thing, that helped him keep his sanity. During the tragic war years, Lincoln found relief from pain in humor—he laughed because he knew he must not cry. His gaunt, towering figure clad in flapping flannel nightgown, used to stalk through the White House at midnight seeking someone still awake to share a funny story he had just read. The neigh of a wild horse on his native prairie was not more hearty than Lincoln's laugh.

Amelia Christopherson, Lincoln High School, Esko,
Minn.

Yet the humor is not just an end in itself, as Miss Christopherson so well states in concluding her carefully documented report:

By telling some of his anecdotes, and using them in the circumstances which he used them, I believe that I have given you a picture of how his sense of humor was involved in almost everything he did and said.

I have, in this term paper, given you Lincoln's feelings of God; and also of generals, office seekers, and Presidency, sentiment and autograph seekers, friends, and a host of many others.

I would like to end this term paper with a quotation on peace attributed to Lincoln:

"Peace will come soon and come to stay, and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cases and pay the cost."

A junior high school student states:

The one thing I like most to hear about Abraham Lincoln is the funny things he said and did. When he was in a sad mood he didn't just sit down and sob about it, but read a humorous story that put him in a happier mood. It would take me from now to never to tell you all the funny things Lincoln said and did, but here are two:

Once it is said that he laid his hat down on a chair and by accident a fat lady came by and sat on it. Lincoln looked up and said, "Lady, if you had asked me I could have told you it wouldn't fit." When Lincoln was at a trial he told this story: A farmer was walking down an old dirt road with a pitchfork over his shoulder when a dog came charging at him. He hit the dog with the prong

end of the fork and killed it. The dog's owner came out and asked the farmer why he hadn't hit the dog with the other end of the fork. The farmer replied, "Why didn't your dog come at me with the other end." Yes, Lincoln had a sense of humor not many of us have.

Beverly Nefflen, Elkins Junior High School, Elkins, W. Va.

Many of the same stories recur in student essays, graduation speeches, and themes. These stories evidently had a common appeal to young people across the country. For instance, the following stories of his early youth were favorites:

When he was a very small boy, Abe wasn't allowed to go to school. Altogether, he had about 1 year of actual schooling, but it was said that he read every book within a radius of 50 miles, and not only did he read them, but he absorbed them, and got ideas and backings for his "little stories" or anecdotes from these books. The first anecdote that he was ever known to write or tell was about himself. It was written in poetic style:

"Good boys who to their books apply,
Will all be great men, by and bye."

Lincoln's anecdotes are never meaningless. They are never flat. They always show that the writer had an idea of his own, and that though he might work it out blunderingly, he nevertheless had a real feeling of the possibilities in his medium.

Amelia Christopherson, Lincoln High School, Esko, Minn.

HUMOR OF LINCOLN

Have you ever jokingly predicted anything about yourself that has come true? Abe Lincoln did. One day, when Abe was in his early teens, a neighbor asked him in mock seriousness, "Abe Lincoln, what's going to become of you?" Abe replied with false bravado, "Mr. ! Why, man, I'm going to be President of the United States."

Even as a youth, Abe Lincoln displayed a remarkable sense of humor. He was often compared with Aesop, the fable maker. Indeed it seems as if he did have a touch of Aesop in him for many of his parables have descended to this day. For example, he would often ask people who stopped at his home, "If there were three pigeons sitting on a fence and you shoot and kill one of them, how many will there be left?" The stranger would often reply, "Why, two, of course!" "Oh, no there wouldn't," Abe would say, "for if you shoot and kill one of them, the other two will fly away."

As Abe grew older, he gained an interesting philosophy about work. A neighbor once said of Abe, "Yes, he used to work for me but he was always reading and thinking. I used to say he was awful lazy—he'd laugh, crack his jokes and tell his stories, but he didn't love work half as much as he loved his pay. Abe once told me that his father had taught him to work but he didn't teach him to love it."

Abe was given a sack of grain one day to carry to a mill whose owner was reputed to be the laziest man in the

county. As Abe watched the miller slowly grind the grain into meal, he said, "You know, I'll bet I could eat that grain as fast as you're grinding it." "Oh, really," said the miller, "and how long do you think you could keep it up?" "Well, until I starved to death, I guess," Abe replied.

Even as a boy, Abe Lincoln had an unusual face. Many people considered him very ugly. Lincoln once told a story of meeting a man who handed him a pistol saying, "I promised long ago that if I ever met a man uglier than myself I would hand him this pistol and tell him to shoot me." Abe had studied the man's face intently for a few moments, then handed the pistol back to him and said, "Well, if I am uglier than you, for heaven's sake, go ahead and shoot me."

No student name given, Ballston Spa High School, Ballston Spa, N.Y.

In a class program, the Juniors of Appleton High School, Appleton, Wis., presented "Lincoln, A Man of Many Moods," in their words:

INTRODUCTION (*Solo speaker before the curtain*): This afternoon we hope to give you a view of a typical Junior Classroom, what you Sophomores can expect next year, and what you sophisticated Seniors once were last year.

Through this classroom demonstration, we hope mainly to convey to you a new side of Abraham Lincoln—Lincoln the man of many moods—moods of humor, sternness, and discipline, sympathy, melancholy, and inspiration.

SONG BY CHORUS (*behind curtain—up or off stage*): "Abraham Lincoln—American Portrait"—George W. . . . Lincoln kept on growing, kept on growing."

Curtain opens on classroom scene (teacher and class of 16-20).

STUDENT OSWALD (*giving dry report; class listens in typical languorous fashion*): ". . . Lincoln grew up in a wild region of Indiana. There were many bears and wild animals in the woods. The trees had to be cut so that the crops could be planted. Abe was strong with an axe and was seldom without his. In 1818, Nancy Lincoln fell ill and died. For more than a year, the Lincoln cabin was a dull and cheerless place. Books and schools were scarce on the frontier. Abe was thin and awkward but strong. In 1830 the Lincolns moved to the north bank of the Sangamon River in Illinois. . . ."

LINCOLN (*in spirit form, interrupts by appearing in background*)

CHORUS: Old Abe Lincoln—singing a pp. "la" once.

LINCOLN'S VOICE: Wait! I'm not really as dry as you sound. I cry and laugh and listen and am sympathetic and try to express my deepest feelings in simplest language. If only more people could get a *true* view of me!

MISS TENNIAL: Let's try! Be seated, Oswald! What impressions do you have of Lincoln, students, from your readings and listening?

After discussing some of the serious moods of Lincoln, the program took up the lighter side:

STUDENT: "That's all very impressive, but don't you think the true Lincoln that the average man remembers today

is the humorous one; all the magazines are full of his jokes? He was really famous, first, as a joker and yarn-spinner."

TEACHER: "Yes, and his jokes are more than jokes; they relate history, and Lincoln used them to defend himself against his enemies and to convince people or get his point across."

(*Light banjo or accordion music gradually gains in volume, providing transition "Skip to My Lou," "Nellie Bly," "Jimmy Crack Corn"*)

(*Light on stage left*)

Store Scene (3 old, overalled men seated on stools around an old cracker barrel—left, down—all are laughing)

1. "That reminds me of one old Abe Lincoln told. While he was still in Springfield, he was looking out of his law office window at the rain-soaked street below. Pretty soon this old maid comes along wearing a big feathery hat. All of a sudden she slips. Abe stood there looking at her for a while and then he says, 'Reminds me of a duck. Feathers on her head and down behind.'"

3. "Yep, that Lincoln sure was an amazing guy. Even through the Civil War he kept his sense of humor."

2. "Why, I can remember once when McClellan was slow in pushing his army into Richmond, Lincoln writes him a note, 'My Dear Mr. McClellan: If you don't want to use the Army, I should like to borrow it for a while.'"

3. "Yet, and when Fighting Joe Hooker kept rushing into battle sending urgent dispatches saying 'Headquarters in the saddle,' Lincoln said, 'The trouble with Hooker is that he has his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be.'"

2. "Say, Zeke—what time is it—my Maud. . . ."

1. "Another yarn that I think shows Abe's cleverness is about the time he was in charge of a company of men in some Indian war and he was marching his men along in this here field when all of a sudden he comes to this gate, and he doesn't know how to get his men endwise to take 'em thru the gate, so he says, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

2. "I remember once when somebody asked him how large the Confederate Army was. He answers, 'About 1,200,000 men.' The other guy asked him, 'Is it possible that it could be that large?' 'Well,' says Lincoln, 'whenever one of our generals is licked, he says that he was outnumbered three or four to one, and we have 400,000 men.'"

1. "That reminds me about the two Quakers who were talking about old Abe and Jeff Davis of the rebels, and one says, 'I think Jefferson will win' and the other says, 'Why,' and the first says, 'Because Jefferson is a praying man,' and the other says, 'So is Abe a praying man,' and the first says, 'Yes, but the Lord will think he's only joking.'"

2. "Well, I guess I better start pushing off before the old lady comes looking for me. I sure am thirsty, though."

3. "You know, once in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Douglas accused old Abe of being a bartender, and Abe said,

'It's true that I sold whisky in my grocery store. In those days Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers. I can also say this: I have left my side of the counter, while Mr. Douglas sticks to his.'"

1. "That's like the time Douglas called Lincoln two-faced. Lincoln said, 'I'll leave it to my audience. If I had another face, do you think I'd wear this one?'"

3. "Then, there was the time Lincoln ran for Congress against Peter Cartwright. . . ."

2. "Wasn't he an evangelist?"

3. "Abe goes to this religious meeting that Cartwright was leading. At this meeting Cartwright gives a real hell-raising sermon and then shouts, 'All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God and go to heaven will stand.' A few stood up. Then he shouts, 'All who do not wish to go to hell will stand.' All the rest stood but Abe. Then Cartwright asks 'Mr. Lincoln, where are you going?' Abe says, 'If it is all the same to you—I am going to Congress.'"

CHORUS: *A verse of Nelly Bly—with accordion or other accompaniment.*

Anecdotes about Lincoln as a family man have a great appeal.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The large, faded, brown house, which is situated on Eighth and Jackson Streets in Springfield, Ill., proudly bears the name "A. Lincoln" on its doorplate. The walls of this historical house have heard and seen the many joys and sorrows of the great family which lived in it.

Some of the older people of Springfield still remember some of the interesting things which happened to the Lincoln family.

One Sunday morning as Mary Todd Lincoln was returning from church, she saw Abraham ahead of her, pulling a wagon with 1-year-old William in it. Mary saw William fall out of the wagon, land on the hard-packed dirt walk, and set up a tremendous howl. Although William was yelling at the top of his lungs, it was not loud enough to break in on the thoughts of his father, for Abe continued to pull the empty wagon to the corner, with his head down on his chest.

By the time Mary had picked up and quieted William, Abe was coming toward her. When he came to where she was standing, he was astonished to find that William was in her arms and not in his wagon.

"Mister Lincoln, if I had a shillalah and could reach up that high, I'd break it over your head to wake you. How far do you go in your mind that you don't know your baby has fallen out of the wagon?"

"It's a hard world, Mary," he said sadly, "people are forever falling out of wagons. Willie might just as well get used to it."

Although Abe Lincoln had his faults and had frequent quarrels with Mary, there is no doubt at all as to the fact that he loved her very much. When he was in Washington, he sent her letters which expressed in them his love for his wife and his children, and how he longed to be home that night. Mary answered with just as much love in her heart for him.

Several stories have been told about Lincoln. Did all of these really happen? We can't be sure of it.

Take, for instance, the time neighbors saw Mary running her husband out of the house with a knife in her hand. Churchgoers were passing down the street and they remembered that Lincoln forced her into the kitchen, shouting, "There, damn it, now stay in the house and don't disgrace us before the eyes of the world."

Abe always had his shirt sleeves rolled up. Many times he would admit lady-callers in this battered appearance and would go back and lie on the floor to read. Also he would sometimes wear one pantleg rolled up, but Mary saw that this didn't happen very often.

Although Mrs. Lincoln was a very good housekeeper, her efforts to improve Abe's domestic manners had fallen on infertile soil.

Lincoln was somewhat of a strange man and once a doctor concluded that he had hypochondriasm—a condition characterized by low vitality, apprehensiveness, and extreme depression. Prolonged worry was often a contributing cause.

The Lincoln's house on Eighth and Jackson Streets still remains as a memorial to the memory of the Lincoln family of Springfield.

Paul LaFata, Dennis Corrigan, Robert Rechner, and Paul Coughlin, Cathedral Boys High School, Springfield, Ill.

Another domestic story appealed to Ann Bouxsein, Logan Junior High School, Princeton, Ill.

In 1844, Lincoln bought his first and only home. This house still stands on the corner of Eighth and Jackson Streets, in Springfield and is now a memorial to Illinois' great citizen. Many people visit it every year. This home was only a story and a half high. Mary felt that a two-story house was more in keeping with their social position; so the house was raised to two stories and a fence on a brick wall was placed around it. One time when Lincoln was away on his circuit, Mary called in the carpenters and had the remodeling done. When Lincoln came back, he walked down Eighth Street, noted the change, and walked on pretending that he did not know his house. At the crossing he met a boy whom he asked, "Can you tell me where Abraham Lincoln lives?"

Mrs. Lincoln was watching for him at the window and heard him. She shouted to him, "Come in here, you fool. You know well enough where you are." Lincoln was fond of his little jokes and tricks even with his family.

In discussing the possibilities of Lincoln's being elected to the Presidency, a student from Ballston Spa High School, Ballston Spa, N.Y., had this to say:

There were serious people who believed Lincoln to be a good man, a keen and kindly man, with a smart head and a big heart. They had heard of his storytelling. Many had listened to him telling these stories and they had laughed. They couldn't help laughing. He was so funny he made you laugh in spite of yourself.

These serious people didn't want a "laughing President." There had never been a "laughing President." At the head of the government should be a solemn man who was constantly grave and dignified in his deportment. Sure—Abe Lincoln was a good fellow but he wouldn't do for President. Why, he was so honest that if he went to the White House, he would just naturally tell visitors the same yarns that he was telling in Illinois. For President, there should be a man as earnest as the Constitution. Abe Lincoln wouldn't do.

Fortunately, there were others—those who wondered what it would be like to have a plain awkward shambler like Lincoln in the White House. There had never been a "laughing President," so why not try one? Why not see what an easygoing fellow like Lincoln would do on the presidential chair?

Abe Lincoln won that election and his humor played an important part in his victory. His quick wit paved the way for him many times.

Once at a reception a fellow came up to Lincoln and said, "Mr. Lincoln, I'm from up in New York State where we believe that God Almighty and Abraham Lincoln are going to save this country."

Lincoln turned to him and said with a smile, "My friend, you're about half right."

These were tragic years in American history. Every day hundreds of men lost their lives in the Civil War which rocked the Nation. Lincoln felt that the death of these men was his personal responsibility. He found relief from the pain of this knowledge in humor.

"I laugh because I must not cry," he said.

It would be well if we could apply some of Abe Lincoln's humor and philosophy to our everyday lives and the problems that confront us today.

Many of the preceding stories and anecdotes recur in graduation addresses, themes, and reports. Evidently this kind of story appealed to America's youth. There were other stories, too, that had an appeal. For instance, in discussing what Lincoln did during the Civil War, the role that his wise humor played impressed one student a great deal:

LINCOLN THE HUMANITARIAN

The Civil War was a most unfortunate occurrence for Abraham Lincoln during his administration. He was severely criticized for his tactics by American citizens who had become despondent and disappointed. The great length of the War convinced many from the Union that the President was incapable of carrying out the duty he was required to perform as a President. Moreover, they continually looked backward on the past, which is too often the case, rather than looking forward to success and final victory. In so doing, many of the American people formed the opinion that the pursuit of a different and more desirable course could have eliminated much suffering or even avoided the War completely. Regarding this subject, George William Curtis once said that because we cannot see the land and put our feet upon it, we are disposed to be anxious and captious, and to lay blame

on our faithful and vigilant leader. In addition, at the close of the War he stated, "Let us be more manly and more just. Let us remember how upright and courageous our President has been in the dark and anxious days we have passed through."

President Lincoln did not at all enjoy the war or sending young men and boys as young as fifteen years of age to their death. Throughout the war many of his generals complained that he was too lenient with many prisoners of war because of his freeness in handing out pardons. They argued that the President was destroying the discipline which was so necessary to the army of a nation at war. In his defense Lincoln replied, "... it rests me, after a day's hard work, that I can find some excuse for saving some poor fellow's life, and I shall go to bed happy tonight as I think how joyous the signing of this name will make himself, his family, and friends."

Mr. Lincoln extended his assistance to Union soldiers whenever he could. Many times a young soldier who had fallen asleep while on sentry duty or who had been accused of "cowardice in the face of the enemy" was saved from the firing squad through his mother's plea for mercy before the President. In one instance a soldier demoralized his regiment by throwing down his gun in the heat of the battle and hiding behind a sheltering tree stump. When charged with cowardice, he gave no defense. However, the President, upon hearing the case, said that he would add this one to his "legcases." When asked to explain himself, he replied, "If Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?"

Paul Weisbach, Whitehall Junior High School,
Hokendauqua, Pa.

The kindness of Lincoln as well as his lack of pretentiousness was impressive to Curt Rohring, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.:

Lincoln was kind, and had time for the "least of these"—even in the time of great struggle. Carl Sandburg, the greatest Lincoln biographer, tells us of a woman who stood outside the Capitol "cryin' and a carrin' on." When she was allowed to see the President, she explained she had three sons and her husband in the war—and could no longer make a living for herself without one of them. The

President stood facing the fireplace; he spoke as if he were speaking to himself alone. "I have two, and you have none. I have two, and you have none." He granted her request.

Kindness goes hand in hand with humbleness and Lincoln was humble, too.

When pompous Senator Sumner, dressed in checked lavender pants and fancy waistcoat, came to see the President, he was told the President was in the cellar. Going down to the cellar, he saw Lincoln shining his boots. "Why, Mr. President," he exclaimed, slightly appalled, "do you black your own boots?" Lincoln looked up. "Whose boots did you think I blacked?" Lincoln, all his life, was noted for his humor.

And when asked how it felt to be President, he replied, "Well, I'm like the man the crowd rode out of town on a rail. He said if it weren't for the honor of it, he'd just as soon walk."

While there are many anecdotes about Lincoln, those included in the preceding selections appear to be those that most appealed to the youth of America. These selections may also have been those which were most easily available to them, but it is more probable that, among all the anecdotes told and retold as being original with Lincoln, the ones that recur so often in the materials sent in by young people are among those quoted above. An appropriate summary comes from Audrey Bailey, Logan Junior High School, Princeton, Ill:

We remember Lincoln not only for the great things that he has done, but also for his remarkable sense of humor. He had great skill at storytelling and was well liked by his friends and neighbors.

At one time when newspaper men asked him about his childhood days, he replied that it would be a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of him or his early life. He said, "It can best be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's 'Elegy'—'The short and simple annals of the poor' That's my life, and that's all you or anyone else can make of it."

IV. Lincoln: the Plain Man and Great Humanitarian

Today, with its emphasis on attractiveness and self-adornment, the plain and ugly face of Lincoln has a tremendous appeal to youth. Most of us are not beautiful or even particularly pretty; it is heartening to see, in the visage of this man, the fact that looks are not a prerequisite to great achievement. Many young people were greatly impressed by this, and expressed their reactions in themes, essays, and poetry.

In introducing a graduation speech, Susan Trampe, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo., said:

Lincoln was great because he was not afraid to be common. His unusual and unattractive features once lead a lady to exclaim, "How common he looks!" The tall man replied gently, "I reckon the Lord loves common people most, for he has made so many of them."

It is not the physical impression, nor the background, nor the education of the man that we remember, but his humanity.

SKIN-DEEP

This man, this Lincoln, look at him!
All bones and skin and gawky limb
And crooked nose—and he's so tall!
I hardly think he'd do at all
For President; for in that place
Men should be strong and fine of face.

You foolish thing, how can you think
It's looks that count, and try to link
The in and out? For in he has
Humility and kindness; as
A rusty lock, a golden key.
This man, this Lincoln has beauty.

Sue Ellsworth, Community High School, Geneva, Ill.

In a longer essay, a student asks what are the ingredients of greatness:

THE GREATNESS OF LINCOLN

The setting was peaceful. The luster of the moon endowed all nature with a glow as only the Creator could send. A lovely woman can be seen. Her attire is simple, her nature serene. "Hush, my child," she says

as she caresses her newborn, pressing him lovingly to her breast. The infant looks at his mother with a love-filled gaze. Possibly he senses the future, after her care and her guidance will have molded him into a great man. She would educate him, train him, and make him an undying American tradition. "Hush, my young Abe." Peacefully his deep-set eyes close, shutting out the world and opening to a world of dreams. This scene marked the first birthday of a notable character whose greatness was exceeded only by the Galilean, Jesus Christ.

One hundred fifty years have lapsed since that peaceful spring evening, yet reflections of his life still remain prominent. Abraham Lincoln, even today, is idolized by school children, respected by adults, and studied by leaders. The source of the immortality of his life, causing him to endure for such a period of time, should arouse the curiosity of many of us. His actions, his words, and his mannerisms infer that he is worthy of the highest esteem and praise. Where, however, did the greatness of Abraham Lincoln lay?

Was this greatness measured by his wealth? Lincoln's worldly possessions were not monetary; his sons, his wife, and his fellow creatures were the riches he possessed. His early life had taught him that money was not the necessary factor to enjoy life and this early lesson remained with him during his existence.

Many men achieve fame through their personal appearance. At the sound of their name, well built, handsome men are imagined. On the contrary, Lincoln was tall, lanky, and awkward. However, to have a greatness of appearance would allow one to enjoy fame for only a brief period of time and soon one would disappear into oblivion.

What then makes people look up to Abraham Lincoln as a symbol of benevolence, strength, and equality? To say that any outward power made him great would be quite untrue. Abraham Lincoln taught us that greatness did not demand wealth or power nor did it have to rely on one's personal appearance. Abraham Lincoln found greatness in the ability to judge right from wrong, service from selfishness, and especially to have the power to stand alone against betrayal, deceit, and abuse. His main purpose in life was to firmly grasp the ideal to which the soul is dedicated—love of God and love of fellow man.

During the Civil War every virtue possessed by Lincoln was necessary to preserve our nation. Americans were fighting Americans; moreover, America was trying to destroy itself. I know that only the greatness of Lincoln's character could have enabled him to achieve

what he did. With his patience and guidance he led both sides to victory; the North to a celebrated victory, the South to a victory over themselves and their obliquities.

All the achievements of his life, stemming from the untold—reaching to the celebrated, should rightfully be attributed to his greatness from within; that is, his greatness in virtue, in understanding and in patience. To me the greatness of Abraham Lincoln which led him to immortality was his consuming desire to make all men equal and to create an unbending and indestructible America.

Frances Margiotta, Holy Rosary Academy, Union City, N.J.

A 10th-grade student writes a poem:

BEYOND THIS FACE!

As some small boy stands solemn there,
A silhouette against a sky
Of scarlet splashed like yellow dye,
He can just see the lofty chair,
A throne for him who led us fore.
Beyond this face there is much more!

A countenance so stern at first,
The lad dares not to turn from it
And only stands to gaze a bit
Into the eyes so kind, yet hurt
By scenes of hate and civil war.
Beyond this face there is much more!

But time can change a youthful mind,
And soon he thinks how nice 'twould be
To sit upon that bended knee
And hear the tales of ev'ry kind,
Of lives and deeds so long before.
Beyond this face there is much more!

Now dusk may hide his distant dream.
And stealthy shadows clothe the land,
But still remains the gentle hand
That lifted men above their chains,
To freedom and equality.
Beyond this face there is much more!

He held a country in his arms,
He won the love of ev'ry man
Of white, or red, or darkest tan.
He worked to keep us far from harm.
He's called Abraham Lincoln.
Beyond this face there is much more!

Rose Marie Abts, Cotter High School, Winona, Minn.

To a 9th-grade student, this is how he looked:

LINCOLN'S TRUE PROFILE

Abraham Lincoln was thin and tall;
He wasn't really handsome at all.
But what he lacked in his profile
Was replaced by his kindly smile.

Although his life was filled with grief,
He seemed to have a strong belief
That he could be the one to lead
The people in their time of need.

His face showed lines of stress and strain
From leading his country through toil and pain;
But through his life the thought prevailed
That a friendly smile never failed.

Elizabeth Gorman, Edgar Fahs Smith Junior High School, York, Pa.

A girl sees in Lincoln's life and achievement the ideal man even if he was far from handsome and glamorous:

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN MEANS TO ME

Lincoln means to me, a man with the qualities which every girl looks for in an ideal man. To me, an ideal man has a generous sense of humor, honesty and intelligence from good reasoning and wisdom.

Does an ideal man have to be a hero so handsome that he makes a girl's heart pound? If so, Lincoln can not be called an ideal man; quite the contrary. He was tall, lanky, and homely. Mary Todd, who later became Mrs. Lincoln, knew a truly great man, and married him for what he was, not for appearances. She knew and we must learn that what's inside a man is what makes him ideal.

Lincoln was not a quitter, but went after what he wanted, no matter what difficulties he had to encounter. He would walk many miles to borrow a book. With the little education he taught himself, he rose to become one of America's greatest historic figures through the political career he sought.

It takes determination to become a success. Lincoln combined determination with wisdom to achieve his place as the sixteenth President of the United States. When the political path to President became rough, his sense of humor helped the difficulties to clear and he settled with his happy spirit.

To me, Lincoln was a man of big decisions; his biggest being the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation. This made him the ideal father—of all Americans, colored or white for they depended on him for their security.

His honesty is forever drilled into the hearts of all Americans. We cannot deny his birth into the poorest people, nor did he try to hide his poverty. He was of the people and for the people, common and aristocratic. His speeches tell what was in the heart and mind of an ideal and honest man.

Barbara Roblee, St. Mary's Springs High School, Fond du Lac, Wis.

The following poem by a senior takes a somewhat lighter touch:

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

The young Abe Lincoln was tall and lean.
His common face was shaven clean.
Knowledge, gained from borrowed books,
Improved his brain but not his looks.

Homely as sin and simple as pie,
 His countenance could hold no lie.
 Soon the age of manhood neared,
 And so Abe Lincoln grew a beard.
 The fuzzy growth made quite a change;
 Plain features soon were out of range.
 His brilliant career followed later
 As President, lawyer, and debater.
 A national figure—to all endeared.
 They loved his voice, his smile, his beard.
 His tragic death brought grief, in sooth,
 When he was shot by John Wilkes Booth.
 What made Lincoln a man; indeed.
 What made Lincoln take the lead?
 It seems to me that his beard, at length,
 May have been the source of all his strength.

Audrey Capone, St. Gregory High School, Detroit,
 Mich.

In more serious vein:

LINCOLN'S HANDS

His hands were bony and gaunt and strong.
 Once they had swung an axe with surety into the clean
 bark of a virgin forest
 Once they had guided a plow over the ruts in the earth
 never before tilled by man
 Once they had slowly spelled out words with charcoal by
 the flickering light of the fireplace.
 And once these hands, these simple hands, led a bleeding
 young nation through the dark night of war, to peace,
 to freedom, and to unity.

Careen Schmidt, St. Teresa High School, Decatur,
 Ill.

LINCOLN

Flies buzzed above the expectant hush
 Of the crowd gathered in the park on that warm July
 day;
 All eyes turned toward the rough wooden platform
 Decked in bunting of red, white, and blue;
 The tall man was about to speak.
 They had heard his short opponent,
 His suave manner and speech polished like brass;
 But who was this homely young man
 Whose droll humor (so they had heard) invited com-
 panionship
 And whose common sense encouraged thought;
 Whose simple honesty persuaded trust
 And whose kind impartiality inspired love?
 The people saw he was one of them
 As he spoke under the trees;
 From their kind had he sprung.
 With their country had grown;
 Their needs were his wants,
 For their ideals he would strive
 This was the tall man
 Whom his opponent had called
 An incompetent "country lawyer"
 Unfit to lead a nation.

Mary Burton, Edina-Morningside High School,
 Edina, Minn.

I REMEMBER

Abraham Lincoln, the man granted a sense of humor and
 a sharp mind in place of a handsome face. Ah, he was
 a pitiful sight, never getting worse, but never getting any
 better either.

As a boy he was tall and lanky like a young oak tree.
 Always able to outrun, and outfight the other boys, but
 always willing to help his mother and to read.

Abe Lincoln, a man not to be forgotten soon by the
 world. A man blessed with a good mind and no feeling
 of race prejudice. Fair with all and gentle in his ways.

The day Abraham Lincoln was assassinated was a dark
 day for the people of the world. A dark day indeed, for
 the world lost one of its best citizens. A fair, just man,
 loved by all—except . . .

Kathy Richards, Emmitsburg High School, Em-
 mitsburg, Md.

The preceding selections have highlighted the
 response youth made to the fact that Lincoln
 achieved greatness even though he was not hand-
 some. As several of the selections indicate, be-
 hind this plain face was a great humanitarian.
 The following two stories are fictionalized versions
 of events that may indeed have happened in Lin-
 coln's life. They particularly highlight the great
 humanitarian quality of Lincoln and his feeling
 for the ordinary individual:

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY

Peter Bauer saw the flash that pointed at him for a
 fraction of a second. He closed his eyes instinctively,
 felt an agonizing pain, fell backward for what seemed
 an eternity, and landed in an unconscious heap.

The fighting raged around him.

The next moment that he would be able to remember,
 was one in which his world was a perfect blaze of pain.
 He kept remembering the way the blast furnace would
 throw the heat on his face, back at the iron mill where
 he had worked before the war. His face burned like
 white heat. He blacked out again.

When he came to a second time, his face pained him as
 only a burn can pain. He slowly sensed that he could
 not see. He forced his eyelids open a painful crack.
 Nothing! Slowly as the blackness wore off and the pain
 seemed to increase, his brain became aware that someone
 was talking to him.

"Can ya hear me, soldier?" Jimmy Nelson, a nurse,
 was in a bad mood. His legs were so tired they ached
 and two patients had died while he was working over
 them. He had a fierce urge to break the water pitcher
 over the head of the prostrate man before him, then he
 thought, shame on you, James Nelson, it's only because
 you're tired. Look at him there. With those burns, he
 probably thinks he's in Hell right now. Speaking aloud,
 "Soldier, ye hear me?"

Peter tried to acknowledge but managed only to exhale
 a little harder. "The Doc'll be here in a minute, sol-
 dier. Come on, soldier, you been layin' there for five
 hours." Jimmy's voice had a note of pleading in it. He

had been working and working hard for twelve hours. After the patient had come to and had had his breakfast, Nelson could leave and get some sleep.

Peter finally managed to rasp out, "I hear ya."

"You're at the Army Hospital at City Point," explained Nelson.

The doctor came up sweating hot and tired. "What's this one's name?" he asked Nelson. "The one with the burned face, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Says his name's Peter Bauer on this here slip," answered Jimmy.

"Your name Peter Bauer?" the doctor asked impatiently.

"Yes, sir," came the faint reply.

"Where do you hurt?" the doctor rattled off like a machine.

"My face burns somin' fierce. I can't see." Peter Bauer was conscious now. His brain was working.

"There's gauze over your eyes. You musta been spittin' down the barrel when you got shot. The bullet grazed the side of your head. The powder burns is worst, though. The men dragged you outa a trench where ya fell. We'll take the bandages off your eyes in a coupla days. Catcha fiddlin' around with those bandages and I'll strap your arms down. I couldn't tell too much about your eyes last night when ya come in and I ain't gonna take any chances by takin' them off too soon. Feel like eatin' anything?"

"No, sir," said Peter not thinking.

"Well, you gotta eat. Jimmy Nelson here, he's a nurse. He'll feed ya," said the doctor tiredly and strode off.

The food wasn't so bad and besides it took his mind off his burned face.

Jimmy Nelson told Peter he had gotten to the hospital at nine o'clock the night before. They had cleaned and dressed his wounds. He had regained consciousness first at three in the morning. It was now 6:30. Guns could be heard in the distance.

The sun was up, and though Peter Bauer couldn't see it, he could hear the birds singing. He might have slept then but was aroused, in spite of his pain, by the arguments of the occupants in the two cots on his left.

"I tell ya, it ain't nothing but a bombardment," said Bill Martin.

"Bill, you blockhead. If you weren't so stubborn you'd know that ain't no bombardment. They're fightin' a battle out there. Hear how the noise rises and falls? In a bombardment it's steady, you know that," countered David Fitzgerald.

"If it's a battle, we didn't start it on accounta nobody recalled the furloughs, and you know the rebs ain't gonna come outta them fortifications no how," said Bill with a touch of finality.

"I declare you're hopeless. All you Republicans is, from Lincoln on down," declared Fitzgerald.

"Lincoln ain't no Republican. He's a traitor," said Bill with a touch of vehemence.

"I swear I don't see how Lincoln can pull the wool over your eyes like that. Lincoln's no less than a King and Emperor, and if you wasn't so blind you could see it. Where do you think he got the right to free the slaves, to put Martial Law over the whole blamed country? I'll tell ya. He didn't get the right offa nobody.

He took it. He's a——!" Fitzgerald was almost shouting.

Martin was shouting as he broke in. "He didn't free the slaves, you nincompoop. He only freed 'em in the Confederacy where he didn't have the power to enforce it. He didn't have the brains or guts to free 'em where it counted. As for the Martial Law, that was Stanton's business. 'Ape' Lincoln isn't smart enough to think of anything like that." Martin was silenced by threats from around the ward to shut up and keep quiet.

David shouted with contempt, "He really has pulled the wool over your eyes, ain't he."

By this time the rumpus has aroused the doctor who came storming in. "Haven't you men got enough to worry you?" Silence ensued. The doctor's bloodshot eyes demanded silence. "There's rumor Lincoln's coming this afternoon. I don't know nothin' about it. Nobody ever can talk to him personal about politics. Until then shut up."

All ears turned toward the opened windows where the sound of battle could be heard rising, falling, then rising in rapid succession.

"There's been a rebel attack on Fort Stedman," the doctor explained to the questioning faces of the men. "I don't know nothin' more about it."

After a period of silence, Martin shattered it. "Lincoln won't be here today, boys, not if he hears them guns. He'll head right back to Washington. Yes, sir, he will," chuckled Martin.

From across the aisle came, "Martin, do you want your head bashed in?"

"Any time you think you're big enough, Simon, you come——."

"If you don't shut up, Martin, I'll put you in a straight-jacket." The doctor's threat was punctuated by several fitting expletives.

The sound of the guns quieted suddenly.

A few hours later a man came in selling candy, tobacco and the like. Immediately he was barraged with questions. "What happened?" "Who won?" "The rebs give up?"

"Okay, Okay," said the man, "I'll answer all your questions at once. Well, at dawn the Rebs attacked Fort Stedman through the mist. They carried the Fort by surprise and began to push on. They captured some trenches, but them Rebs ain't what they used to be. As soon as we counterattacked, they fell back. And just as the last of 'em was pushed out, Lincoln came up to the front."

"What was the losses?"

"Nothing to speak of. Lots o' Rebs captured though."

"You say Lincoln was at the front?" asked Martin unbelievably.

"Yah, and it's a wonder he didn't get shot. I was watchin' from a mile away and I could see him plain with all them black clothes on. Understand some shots did come mighty close. Must be the providence of the Almighty. That's what most of them say."

"Whose them?" Martin asked quizzically.

"The soldiers that was there with him. I talked with some of them," explained the peddler.

Martin was fascinated. He had really thought Lincoln was a coward. The fact that the peddler had let his imagination run free and that Lincoln was nowhere near

the front during any part of the fighting, was beside the point. Martin's picture of Lincoln had changed.

After the men had their lunches, Peter Bauer slept for a short time. He was awakened by the shuffling of feet and whispers around his cot.

A doctor stood over him. It was not the same bleary-eyed individual who had threatened to straightjacket the men to keep them quiet.

"We're going to take the bandages off your eyes now," he said softly.

There was silence over the ward as the tedious operation of removing the bandages began.

Scissors snipped. Peter could feel the bandages being unwrapped. Several times he winced when the bandages were pulled from burned flesh.

"Now we're almost done. When I take the last bandage off, you must remember to open your eyes slowly," cautioned the doctor.

The last one came off. Peter lay there barely breathing. His heart was pounding. He didn't hear the doctor who mumbled something to Nelson about they didn't look too bad.

"You'll never find out that way. You'll have to open them sometime," encouraged the doctor.

Oh Lord, what if I can't see, thought Peter. Well, may as well be now as ever.

He opened his eyes ever so slowly.

He whispered breathlessly to the doctor. "I can see."

"Fine. Fine. How well can you see?" questioned the doctor.

Peter's eyes began to focus. Directly across from his cot was a doorway to the hall. His blurred vision could distinguish that it was filled by some large black object. As his vision cleared, he could see that it was a man, a very tall man, with a black fringe around his jaw, and a large stovepipe hat. Behind the man Peter could see a vast assemblage of men. His eyes blurred again then focused finally to clear vision.

"Lincoln," mumbled a startled Peter Bauer.

As if a word of command had been spoken, every eye which had been watching the bandages being removed from Peter's face, flashed to the door.

Several cheered. Most just stared. The supervisor of the hospital moved with Lincoln to Peter Bauer's cot where the doctor was standing.

"Mr. Lincoln, this is Dr. Long, head of this ward," began the supervisor.

"Glad to know you, Dr. Long. What have we here that enveloped everyone's attention when I came in?" asked Lincoln of Dr. Long.

"Oh! Excuse me for staring, Mr. President, but we aren't in the habit of being host to Presidents around here." Lincoln's laugh put everyone at ease. In answer to Lincoln's question, Dr. Long explained, "This is Private Peter Bauer, Mr. President. He was creased on the side of the head, as you can see, but the most serious wounds are the burns on his face. He must have been very close to the shooter. We didn't know how badly his eyes were burned until now. He'll be all right. You can see they're not burned too badly."

"Well, congratulations, Mr. Bauer. I certainly will pray for your complete recovery. The nation will not for-

get what each of you has given," said the President as he shook Peter's hand.

"Thank you, Mr. President," said Peter Bauer overawed.

Lincoln moved to Bill Martin's cot. Martin was astounded. He had envisioned that the President never went anywhere without a troop of cavalry, but none of the Presidential party had entered the ward to act as a bodyguard and only Doctor Long accompanied the President down the ward as a formality.

David Fitzgerald was also surprised that there was not at least one guard. He watched Lincoln closely. The face was sad, not sinister as he had thought it would be. The face was so ugly it wasn't ugly. It was so uncomely it didn't matter. The lines on his face were very deep; they looked as if they had been drawn in. The eyes were sad and deep. No picture he had ever seen of Lincoln looked like this face.

Lincoln spoke a few words to Fitzgerald as he did to all the other men in the ward. Something about the wound on David's leg, he wasn't paying too much attention to what he was saying. He watched Lincoln closely. When Lincoln left, David Fitzgerald and most of the others saw wet streaks from the corners of his eyes to his beard. Fitzgerald had been impressed with what he had seen of Lincoln. It made a man think.

Peter Bauer and most of the other patients were talking excitedly. Someone brought out a deck of cards and Peter joined in the game. The men could see Lincoln's coach drive away. Most of the patients were laughing and talking. Bill Martin and David Fitzgerald lay quietly, thinking, thinking about the Lincoln they had seen, the hand they had shaken.

Somewhere off in the direction Lincoln's coach had taken, big guns rumbled reassuringly.

John Frye, Madison Local High School, Madison, Ohio

THE PEOPLE'S MAN

Windsor is my name; James Windsor. I was a young boy when I lived in Washington, D.C. I am an older man now, and I have seen many years since those tragic war days from 1861 to 1865. When the war did break out I was a lad of sixteen, who had been crippled by a childhood disease. As I look back on those days, I can understand my family's enthusiasm to have all its "men" enter into the war. Out of six boys, and even my father who also went, I had to stay home because of my handicap. I was hurt beyond words when I was told that I wasn't fit for service. In my desperation to occupy myself I began reading papers, magazines, and pamphlets; all of which included articles on President Abraham Lincoln. I grew more interested in the way he governed the torn United States during these days of trial. I decided to write to him and ask him for a place on his staff, being a disabled boy. The letter was written in a boyish scrawl with errors. But I sent the letter and waited for a reply with great expectations.

The reply came about three weeks after I had sent my letter. The President wrote it himself, in a scratchy penmanship. He asked me to come to the White House on the following day, and I was supposed to bring this

letter as an entrance slip. Being overly excited, it was difficult for me to get around. My mother, as I remember, was astounded when I received the letter from Mr. Lincoln, and she became busy making preparations for my great visit. I could walk with the help of two great braces for my legs, and I remember my practicing to walk from room to room in our house so I would be able to meet the President in an appropriate manner.

The doorman opened the great door at the White House for me the following day, and escorted me up to the second floor where the President's office was. I knocked softly, not knowing what to expect.

"Come in," replied a high pitched man's voice.

I opened the door, and as the tall man seated at a large desk beckoned me to a chair near to him, I walked with a noticeable limp into a beautiful room.

"I am Mr. Lincoln, son, and you must be the lad who sent me that delightful note asking for a position on my staff."

"Yes sir. My name is James Windsor," was all I could say. After all, this was the President of the United States!

"I would've had a boy just about your age, Jim, but the Almighty God had other plans for my boy. Life has given me the hurt of losing a son, and to you the loss of agility. But we must accept these hurts, isn't that right, Jim?"

I felt a comfort that I had not experienced ever before. I looked at this man with his kind, sad face and I knew that by his simple yet powerful character he would lead America back to unity.

I began to speak with a shaking voice. "Mr. Lincoln, if I could serve you in any way, I would feel that I gave my services to our cause."

"That's very fine of you, Jim. I'll be very proud to have you on my staff. As a matter of fact, you and I are going to have a close relationship, since you'll be my right hand man!"

I began to work at the White House. I was limited to the amount of work as I still couldn't move around very well. But the President was patient, and always ready to help me. I spent a lot of time with Tad Lincoln. He was a delight to his father, with a wonderful character like Mr. Lincoln.

When the war finally came to an end, after great losses, the people were jubilant. But the President was the happiest. Doing errands for him during the 4 years of the war, I didn't notice too much the look of gloom that was part of his face. My mother did, and she remarked many times that the war left a worse effect on the President than it did on the people. The President was an aged man at the close of the war.

I wanted to go to college, having grown up considerably since the start of the war. I chose one in Illinois that Mr. Lincoln recommended. When it came time to leave for school, I went to the White House to say goodbye to Mr. Lincoln. I went into his office and he greeted me warmly, just as he had done many years before.

"Well, Jim, looks like we part company for a while," he smiled. I told him a little about the college and what I planned to take up in studies.

"Can you give any advice, Mr. Lincoln?" I asked, knowing that anything he did say would be a help to me.

"The best advice I can give you, Jim, is to live with God and love your neighbor throughout your life. It is easy to remember, but rarely practiced nowadays." The President sighed. I thought him to be much older and very, very tired.

"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. These years I spent with you have enriched me more than I can ever begin to tell you." I was close to tears at this point. I realize that what Abraham Lincoln had done for me was to give me a new life. Even if I was handicapped, if I had a good mind and a good heart I would now prove to be as much credit to our country as the person with two legs.

I rose to leave, and shook hands with the President. This was the last time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln. On my way home, I knew that the country had been unified by the efforts of this tall, sad man I had just left. I never thought that it would be the last I would ever see of my friend.

Looking back on those years, I can't help but see Abraham Lincoln as the people's man. He had me work at the White House for those brief years not because I wanted to: his motive was deeper. I represented his people, and he couldn't turn away the very person to whom he dedicated his life.

Lynne Perrish, St. Mary's Academy, Windlock, Wash.

V. The Wisdom of A Great Leader

Throughout all of the writings of the young students runs a recurrent thread: Lincoln, the great and wise leader. Repeatedly the themes, essays, stories, and poems reflect the feeling of youth that this man, through his actions and words, demonstrated that rare wisdom that lifts him into the realm of the immortals. One aspect of his leadership is highlighted in the following selection:

SIMPLE ABE

It is Lincoln's simplicity that I admire most in this great man. Not merely that he was born in a log cabin, wore simple clothing, spoke and acted like an ordinary man from the backwoods! No doubt, Lincoln was extraordinary in his ability to handle critical situations and preserve our nation's unity. Yet his simplicity stands out even more in my mind.

Lincoln's first inaugural address proved that he himself realized he was just a simple man doing God's will in regard to his country. After stating his firm determination to preserve the Union by upholding the Constitution, he expressed his belief that "doing this . . . is only a simple duty on my part." He went on to say that he was only a small man acting under the leadership of the American people, "my rightful masters."

So you see Abe Lincoln was simple. His manner was simple, and so was his goal in life.

Janet Steffensmeier, Assumption Academy, Norfolk, Nebr.

The directness, honesty, and humility that Lincoln demonstrated in so many of his words and deeds was particularly important to Patricia Deraney, Concord High School, Concord, Mass.:

LINCOLN'S OPINION OF HIMSELF

Abraham Lincoln did not often speak about himself, but when he did, it was invariably with devastating honesty and great humility. He delighted in poking fun at his appearance and background; he always expressed surprise at the honors heaped upon him and was quick to declare his unworthiness of them. For example: at one point in his career, he remarked, "Nobody ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages are sprouting out," and on another time, he said, "Seriously, I do not think I am fit for the Presidency." At times this humility gives

the impression of being overdone, and one begins to suspect him of false modesty, of deliberately disparaging himself to perpetrate the illusion of simple "Honest Abe," the common man.

These suspicions are, however, completely false; Lincoln's humility was genuine. It stemmed from his conception of himself as an instrument of an omnipotent God. This God was the God of the New Testament, the God of Truth, Justice, and Charity. Lincoln was acutely aware of his own insignificance in comparison to God and the vastness of the universe. He was also disturbed by his inability to live up to his idealistic conception of right and wrong; the strictness of this conception may be seen in his stern assertion that one "cannot institute any equality between right and wrong." Yet Lincoln believed that his life, imperfect as it seemed to him, was part of a divine plan and that he had a purpose to fulfill. He was overcome with a sense of humility and of his unworthiness when he realized that he was destined to become President of the United States. "God selects His own instruments, and sometimes they are queer ones; for instance, He chose me to steer the ship through a great crisis," he said.

Lincoln exercised great power and authority during his years in the Presidency, yet he always tried to act according to his beliefs "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right . . ." He never lost sight of the source of his power and of his own unworthiness. He never forsook his belief that he was subservient to the execution of a divine plan. Towards the end of his life he was still able to say: "I know that there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. . . . If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything: I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it. . . ."

A junior high school student expresses this feeling in poetry:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lad—Man—President

"Be somebody, Son," Abe's dying mother pleaded,
As always giving the encouragement he needed.
With loving fingers his face she touched.
The face of her boy whom she loved so much.
A lanky lad, reading far into the night,
Reading his book by the dim fire light.
A splitter of rails and a farmer was he,
To see him wrestle, people would pay a fee.

A gaunt tired man at the rear of the train
Bidding goodbye in the drizzling rain.
A man who loved all men and preached
Malice toward none and charity toward each.
The light of kindness shown in his face,
An upholder of justice, regardless of race.

The man at the helm of the ship was he,
While steering his ship through the war-blackened sea.
A writer of tender letters to mothers
Who gave their sons along with others.
A pardoner of boys who could not be blamed
If their youthful legs were cowardly lamed.

"A general's horse I will hold," said he
If the general will win us a victory.
A patient man, working till the job was done
And faltering not till the battle was won.

Mike Dennard, James S. Deady Junior High School,
Houston, Tex.

A careful appraisal of the qualities that made
Lincoln a great leader is given by Stephen Liver-
nash, Concord High School, Concord, Mass. :

Lincoln opened his "House Divided" speech in 1858 with the following words :

"If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it."

It fell to Abraham Lincoln to decide what to do and how to do it. His decision: to preserve the Union at whatever sacrifice was necessary. Throughout the trying years of the Civil War he planned, guided, and prayed. Unfamiliar with strategy and policy, he had to learn and did learn.

Yet Lincoln never lost his guiding sense of perspective. The President was heard to remark, "Voorhees, doesn't it seem strange to you that I, who could never so much as cut off the head of a chicken, should be elected, or selected, into the midst of all this blood?" And he confessed to a friend, "I have been controlled by events."

Today it seems to us that if Lincoln knew that he could not escape history and destiny, he had nonetheless a large part in their shaping; more than his own humility might have permitted him to consider. If he had lived on he would have had an even greater influence on the course of the future. As it is, he represents, for the majority of Americans today, a living legend of personal greatness and devoted leadership.

Unlike the awesome, unchanging fame of Washington, the fame of Lincoln has waxed greater and greater with each passing year. Today one commentator declares that he is "an image of our better nature"; another states that Lincoln has come to represent, "not only Union and emancipation, but the personal embodiment of democracy and the mirror of our humanity" as well.

Although historians respect Lincoln more for his skill as a politician and public servant than for his slightly mythical righteousness, in popular thought he exists as *the* outstanding symbol of human dignity and stature, without bounds of space or time. In India and beyond we find his name admired. Prime Minister Nehru keeps a

bronze cast of Lincoln's hand on his desk before him. "It is a beautiful hand, strong and firm and yet gentle, and I look at it every day and it gives me strength."

In this country Carl Sandburg, speaking at Washington on the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, paid a humble man's tribute in these words: "Millions there are who take him as a personal treasure. He had something they would like to see spread everywhere over the world. Democracy? We cannot say exactly what it is, but he had it. In his blood and bones he carried it. In the breath of his speeches and writings it is there. Popular government? Republican institutions? He had the idea. It is there in the lights and shadows of his personality, a mystery that can be lived but never fully spoken." Lincoln once told Congress, "we cannot escape history. We will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation." The man who was a symbol of the aspirations of his own time has come down to us, the latest generation, with much more than honor. His person symbolizes the best of all ages and our own best aspirations in the world of today.

Another student from the same high school offers his version of the qualities that made Lincoln a great leader:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THE EYES OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

A man's final evaluation in the eyes of the world comes long after his death, when posterity can pronounce a verdict on his actions in view of the events they fostered. But a man considered in such a manner becomes more of a legend than a living person. To appreciate fully the qualities which made Lincoln such a noble symbol of equality and justice we must investigate the impressions he made on people while he lived. The Emancipator Lincoln is a product of history; the man Lincoln is what he was to his contemporaries.

As a young man on the frontier in Illinois, Lincoln learned to support his ideals with two weapons—power and persuasion. To prove his worth to the local boys he was asked to wrestle one of the strongest men in the area. On the first attempt Lincoln threw the man soundly to the ground, and the boys approached him saying, "You have sand in your craw and we will take you into our crowd." With sand in his craw Lincoln stood up for what he believed through the worst ordeals that a nation torn in two by conflict could offer. Yet firmness alone did not make Lincoln great; he also possessed the rare talent of being able to lead men, to sway them to his way of thinking, and at the same time not make them feel dominated. Said a fellow legislator of Lincoln: "He was a born politician. We followed his lead; but he followed nobody's lead."

If Lincoln had been held in the universal esteem which he is today it would have been an easy task for him to guide the country through the Civil War, but such was not the case. Perhaps no President has ever been subjected to the ridicule, slander, and unfair criticism which met

Lincoln at every turn. Stephen Douglas, Lincoln's opponent in the famed Lincoln-Douglas debates, told a crowd of thousands that "Mr. Lincoln advocates boldly a war of the North against the South—a war of extermination." Even after his election Lincoln found his enemies numerous and vociferous. Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, wrote to his brother-in-law, "Lincoln is a weak, vacillating, illiterate President without brains." An Ohio farm woman told her children, "Lincoln! How I loathe that name between my lips!" The Chicago Times said, "He cannot speak five grammatical sentences in succession." An editorial in the New York Herald stated: "The Lincoln administration is cowardly, mean, and vicious, the blame resting on the incompetent, ignorant, and desperate 'Honest Abe'."

In the face of such criticism, even from the Northern people he was striving to protect, Lincoln obviously had no easy time. He was not loved by all, but then no man could possibly have pleased all the people in a nation which was so divided and subdivided in opinion. The remarkable thing is that he accomplished what he did. For in the end Lincoln managed to persuade the majority of the population to stand by the Union. The reason for this is evidenced in the words of a dissatisfied farmer who went to hear Lincoln speak. "It appeared that I had more than I could stand up under. But he hadn't spoken more'n ten minutes afore I felt like I never had no load. I begun to feel ashamed o' bein' weary en complainin'."

An old loggers' adage says, "A tree is best measured when it's down." Nothing could have been more applicable to Abraham Lincoln after his assassination than this. Only after his death did men realize the great leader they had lost. In prophetic words the Chicago Tribune said: "Half a century hence to have lived in this age will be fame. To have served it well will be immortality." Here was offered a final tribute to Lincoln from the men who knew him—the tribute of immortality in the minds of generations of Americans to come.

Elmer Funkhouser, Concord High School,
Concord, Mass.

The selections below show the various ways in which students appraise the qualities of Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—OUTSTANDING MAN

Abraham Lincoln died in a world he never made. The forces which shook and shaped it were in motion before and after he became President. He spent his many years in office trying to control them. It may have been a matter of regret to him that, before his death, he had really not settled anything. But for many years he managed to preserve peace and hold slavery behind the frontiers.

That may have been the most any man in his time could have done.

There were really three worlds in the days of his growing up: the troubled rest of the world; the American world, self-sufficient in isolation; and the world of slavery.

That was when distance meant safety and survival lay in aloneness. The two oceans gave America time to prepare for any attack and a way to avoid foreign alliances. It was an American dream that didn't last long.

He didn't live long enough to find out if he was right. He had a good sense of history. In his last moments, the most he could do was hope for the best and believe what he had done was his best.

Only time could give the answer to questions which, since he was a thinking man, must have often been on his mind. But, I'm sure when he entered the gates of heaven, God must have said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Martha Baumgardner, Emmitsburg High School,
Emmitsburg, Md.

BUNYAN OR BUMPKIN?

I dare anyone to make a legend out of Abraham Lincoln. I will stand before any American, and challenge him to change Abe into another Pecos Bill; because it can't be done. Ol' Honest Abe was just too honest.

Lincoln was too calm and serious to be shown as a laughing Paul Bunyan, but his own unbelievable humor would surpass anything one could imagine.

Since his first interest was other people, and he disliked being in the public eye himself, it would almost be an insult to build him up as someone outlandishly great and visibly wonderful in all things.

Neither was he a hick country bumpkin who made good with no schooling, who could split more rails and plow more acres than any man within 500 miles. Abe disliked manual work, and realized where his possibilities lay—in knowledge, and in heart.

Abe's greatness lay not in his power as a rail splitter, in his height, or his ability to talk fluently enough to convert the devil; but in himself. The nobility in his character came not from his gangling height, but from the lowliness of humility. His strength didn't develop from splitting rails, but from unity of purpose, and direction. Fluency wasn't what made his speeches into art: it was the deep thought, the broken-hearted dedication, and the personal touch that won men's souls.

If Paul Bunyan had been faced with a mountain, he would simply have moved it. But a man can't move mountains, so Lincoln did what any man would do—he faced his mountain, dug in his heels, and climbed it.

Pecos Bill straightened out a wandering river, according to legend, but Abe roped and straightened a wayward country.

So I dare you to make Lincoln a legend—because anything you would imagine probably happened, or came very close to it.

He was too well known, too human, and too honest, with others as well as with himself. He realized that the only thing that stood in the way of Abe was Abe, and he conquered the mountain of himself.

It is this that makes a truly great man. . . .

Vicki Stonik, St. Mary's Academy,
Winlock, Wash.

In the following five poems, students express the unique greatness of Lincoln as leader with nobility and wisdom:

LINCOLN: A TOOL

Man sees a need, creates a tool, and works.
When God sees things exist as they ought not
He makes a man who can sustain the plight,
A patient man who helps change bad to good.
An honest man who keeps what first was good.
God roots compassion deep within his soul
And fills his mind with logic crystal clear.
To crown this man humility is used.
In eighteen hundred nine a man was born
Who had the qualities of God's best tools.

The need to be fulfilled was freeing men,
Or rather, having freedom recognized.

Some fifty-four years hence the two would meet,
The tool would see the need and find an end.

Carole Murphy, Holy Angels Academy,
Milwaukee, Wis.

OUR CHAMPION

Lincoln was quiet, confident, strong,
He worked for our liberties, hard and long
His ultimate goal was to see our land
Free and righteous under God's hand.
With love of mankind, his soul was afire;
To free all from injustice, was his great desire.
He planned his actions, was patient and smart.
The future of his homeland, he had always at heart.
To sum up his greatness, we can truthfully say
That Lincoln was loyal in every way,
To his creed of justice and liberty
For he lived and died that all men might be free.

Charles Sockol, Lincoln High School,
Cleveland, Ohio.

A critical period of our fatherland brought forth a man
Devoid of evil, encompassed by contagious goodness;
No human thought can reflect the magnitude of his
esteemed renown;

Each undecisive soul reached out
And found enduring strength to fight for unity.
How kind of God to lend us him, who
Gently, firmly, guided the soul and strength of a nation.

Nadine Cowen, Mount St. John Academy, Glad-
stone, N.J.

TO LINCOLN—THE UNYIELDING OAK

Far in the land there runs no stream,
Not even the smallest brook or pond.
Few seeds here are planted, even fewer take root.
Very seldom a plant or tree even starts to grow.
But once a windblown seed came in,
And came to rest upon this spot,
Where it took root and had to face,
The many dangers of its land.
While nearby trees withered and died,

From lack of the "staff of life",
Its roots ran fast,
Its roots ran deep,
Searching for the life-giving juice.
A little here, a little there,
Not much, but enough to sustain its growth.
Soon storms came and the mighty gale,
But it stood steadfast not giving an inch.
Finally the storm was o'er and its great destruction done.
The tree was now a mighty oak standing straight and
strong.
It had weathered every hardship and had won the
victory.
There was no stopping its growing now.
It has surpassed every test.
It would keep on growing till it became a giant among
the small.

Joseph McDermott, Grade 8, St. Gregory High
School, Detroit, Mich.

WHY, MR. LINCOLN?

Before the rejoicing of the North
Before the flame and smoke of Charleston Bay
Before Kansas begins to bleed
A child is born.

Born in a cabin of mud-chinked logs
Born of parents who can barely write their names
Born in a shabby room with a leather-hinged door
There are bearskin rugs on the earthen floor.

People said you were homely—and they were right.
Your hair is ruffled and coarse. Your hands are hairy.
Your face is weather-beaten. And there are many
Who cannot see yond the ugliness.

"Go into politics!"—this from the lips of your friends.
You'll start with Douglas, lose your fight,
But make men think—and go thrusting on to fame.
Is that what you wanted, Mr. Lincoln?

Stand tall, you of humble birth
Gaunt man, in your new black suit and stovepipe hat.
The people are before you, the people may listen;
Speak carefully, speak earnestly, speak solemnly,
Tell them of Union; stand tall.

You're a lonely man. The office-seekers crowd you.
The people criticize you. Your life is threatened
Even before you reach the White House.
And the people bring their grief.

"My son—he's dead, lying on his face near the James."
"Our boy is needed for the spring plowing."
"My husband fell asleep—they're going to shoot him!"
Listen to them, Mr. Lincoln, hear them all.

"Your Generals are sinners and drunkards!"
"Grant's a butcher and McClellan's a fool."
"Our men-folk are being slaughtered!"
Listen to them, Mr. Lincoln, hear them all.

Alone at night, in old slippers, you walk the halls
Pacing, crying quietly so your wife won't hear,
Crying for your second-born, Willie, crying for a dead son.
And the people give you no rest.

The tide begins to turn, slowly, slowly,
Sherman marches to the sea, Sheridan gets into the Valley.
Sherman says "War is hell"—and aims to end it quickly.
Lee meets Grant—They talk about old times.

It's over now, Mr. Lincoln. Your job is done.
You even smile when they take your picture.
Your carriage is waiting, the play is already on.
And Mr. Booth loads his pistol.

Bands are playing in the streets; people are singing;
The armies come marching into Washington,
heading home.
Bonfires blaze, fireworks scream against the sky.
And Mr. Booth comes leaping to the stage.

They carry you across the street on a shutter.
And those who loved you weep, and those who hated
Say nothing at all. And the long hours pass.
It ends just after dawn.

And now you stand tall forever, man of humble birth.
Now you stand firm forever. And the states still bicker.
But even in the bickering, they stand together.
And they stand tall.

William Cockerham, 11th grade, Enfield High
School, Enfield, Conn.

The interest that Lincoln had in individuals and his concern for their welfare is expressed in the following two fictional accounts of historic incidents:

I KNEW ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Men have known the greatness of Lincoln, his political life and feelings, but I feel as if I have been privileged to know his inner qualities. My name is Mrs. Bixby, mother of six gallant boys. And through my sons, by their untimely deaths, the President presented himself as a friend.

We lived in a small home, yet the spirit of life which dwelt there swelled the house to twice its size. It diminished when my sons left and my house was small once more. One by one the defense and patriotism of our country beckoned them to the dangers of war. One by one the rumble of cannons and the echoings of shots called them to the jaws of death. I lived in grief then, my life held no meaning without the presence of my boys. The walls of my mind forever focused the picture of torment, pain and final death. The faces of six baby boys, six young boys, and then six dead boys flashed before my eyes. My grief was unbearable.

Comfort came in the form of a letter. My peace of mind was finally restored by the sympathetic and understanding words of a great man, Mr. Lincoln. Our family had always supported him, his platform and ideas, yet I failed to recognize how great a man he was until he came to me. A word of sympathy and prayer, an explanation of why was what his letter contained. It was a clear picture of his character and person; true, sincere and humble. He possessed a great position, one overflowing with responsibility and duty, but this did not interfere with his distinct qualities. He never failed to re-

member his people. The words of his letter flowed through my mind and quelled the fire of grief, barring out the loneliness that filled my soul. All I needed was the remembrance of the bravery of six young soldiers, advised the President. The picture of blood and death still remained but it was focused with the look of duty and patriotism, not ugliness and dread. My sons had fought for me and our land, their blood spilled on the battlefield helped to enrich the strength of the nation. I still could hold them, not in my arms but in my heart. This I valued much more as one values a ruby to a diamond. These were the thoughts the letter of President Lincoln promoted in me. I contemplate their effects within my heart and by now realize the stigma to continue life and shed my grief they evoked.

I knew Abe Lincoln, not personally, but very closely. He exemplifies a true American. From his political life we have recognized him. So in his personal life let us honor a man of human understanding, good will, and unending love for all humanity.

Kathleen Call, St. Basil Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.

HE IS THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP

All these stories and celebrations to tell what a great man Lincoln was are all useless as far as I'm concerned. I only met and talked with Abe once—that was all I needed to know that he was truly our President, the man of the people.

It was in July of 1862. It was hot, very hot, and we still had a long way to go to reach the Fort. My best friend Sam was wounded and I had to help him walk.

It was just about dusk when we arrived at the Fort, and the women had supper ready for us. The sergeant announced the men who were to stand guard, and Sam was one of them, I was tired, but I knew he was in no condition to take it so I volunteered.

I kept walking back and forth to keep awake but I was so weary, I had to sit down. Well, that was here the sergeant found me. I knew that because of the seriousness of the crime, sleeping while on guard during wartime, I would probably be hung.

While I was waiting for the verdict, though I already knew what it was, I wrote to my widowed mother and told her. When she received it, she immediately wrote to Abe and pleaded for my life.

It was August 2 when a guard came for me and told me I had a visitor in the lieutenant's office.

Abe Lincoln had come to see me. In that short time he told me I deserved to be whipped, not hung, and not because I had fallen asleep, but because I had neglected my poor mother. In his presence I wrote my mother the first newsy letter in two years.

When this was finished, the lean, kind President said that I wasn't going to be hung, but I had to promise him that I would write my mother weekly.

Yes, I only saw the President for about an hour, but I knew that this was a Captain perfected by Him to guide this troubled nation to port.

Margaret Schilter, St. Mary's Academy, Winlock, Wash.

PREFACE TO A PRESIDENT

The sullen, sulky figure stood
firm in the shadows. With clenched fists
he trembled with each splitting, burning lash.
And the whip rose high
and the small boy cried
watching the scene.

The master bent over the black body
of the Negro slave with iron bracelets.
Abe hid from the torture of it.
And Abe ran home
and cried to his Mama.
And he cried for peace.

Roberta Mueller, Taft High School, Chicago, Ill.

A SLAVE'S PRAYER

Lord, I see a boy climbing up the stairs.
He's young, Lord, and the climb is mighty steep
He's small now, he's got to do some growing.
Help him, Lord. Please don't let him fall.

He's all alone, Lord: won't you talk with him?
There are things in his path, and not much light to see.
He's so close to the edge, it scares me mighty bad.
Help him, Lord. Please don't let him fall.

Blood on the stairs, Lord, but he's got to go on through;
People screaming somewhere, but he can't stop to hear.
He's feeling helpless, but he's still climbing on.
Save him, Lord. Please don't let him fall.

And now he walks more slowly. He seems so tired and
old!
He should stop and rest, but there just isn't any time.
He's got to keep on going, going all the way!
Lift him, Lord. Please don't let him fall.

And now the stairs are fading into mist.
And, Lord, the man is crying—but he's still moving on!
And now I can't even see him—he's walking out of sight!
Help him, Lord. Please don't let him fall.
Albert Hauver, 11th grade, Enfield High School,
Enfield, Conn.

LINCOLN

Lincoln was a rugged boy
Who yearned to live and learn
The way to serve his fellowmen
A greater peace to earn.
He wanted life, he wanted peace
For everyone the same.
That each might stand and each might take
A pride in his own name.

As Lincoln lived and as he learned
His goal was still the same.
The glory of the common man—
The light of freedom's flame.

Becky Naill, Grade 12, Emmitsburg High School,
Emmitsburg, Md.

WHO IS THIS MAN?

Who is this man who sits upon his chair, his feet placed
firmly on the ground, his head high in the air?

Who is this mortal who looks across the land and listens,
listens heartfully to a poor soldier's cry?

What does he think as he looks on, as he hears that sor-
rowful, eerie cry?

Do I see a tear fall gently over his worn face, a worn,
weary, and worried face?

Who is this man who sits before me, a mortal who must
bear a troubled nation upon his shoulders, a divided
nation that grows bolder and bolder and becomes colder
and colder?

Who is this tall, slender silhouette against the sky who
really, really makes me wonder how such a man as he,
who works and worries to keep us free, can bear his
fate the way he does and show his people how he loves?
Amelia Giancarlo, Providence High School, Chicago,
Ill.

Another aspect of Lincoln which aroused nu-
merous student comments was his mastery of
language. In a world which is bombarded by
sight and sound from so many sources, it is re-
warding to read, and hear, the great words of
Lincoln. The Junior Class of Appleton High
School, Appleton, Wis., wove their program skill-
fully with excerpts from his speeches. Below is
the last episode in their script:

(Lights to classroom)

MISS TENNIAL: "We must get along with our story. I
know you'd like to listen to jokes all day, but our time is
limited, and there's a side of Lincoln still with us that we
should consider. He was a master of the English lan-
guage and when inspired created some masterpieces that
will live forever."

STUDENT 4: "We remember many words spoken by him."

STUDENT 5: "He spoke out of necessity. He never wrote a
novel that sold a million copies."

STUDENT 6: "The years of war and troubled times gave
meaning to his speeches."

STUDENT 7: "Yet, Lincoln's ideas had poetry in theme—
they live on today!"

CHORUS: *Humming under "Home, Sweet Home"*

LINCOLN: "To this place, Springfield, and the kindness of
these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a
quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an
old man. Here my children have been born and one is
buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether . . .
I may return. . . ."

CLASS: "We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best
hope of earth."

CHORUS: *Fades out.*

LINCOLN: "A House divided against itself cannot stand! I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be divided—I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

CHORUS: *Hum—"Battle Hymn"*

VOICE 1: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it!"

VOICE 2: "And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it." (*short silence*)

CLASS: "With malice toward none, with charity for all! With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle; and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

CHORUS: *Abraham Lincoln (and curtain slowly closing)*

Two more comments are typical of the response of students to the living language of Lincoln:

One of Abraham Lincoln's greatest assets, which probably at one time or another impressed us all, was his great writing and oratorical ability. Lincoln's writings were not from books but from his heart. Although his literary ability was not as great as some of our great writers, his works are just as well known and as popularly studied because of the feeling contained in each word he wrote.

The world would not need too much improvement if all the men of today had the characteristics of Abraham Lincoln.

Paula Norlock, Grade 11, St. Gregory High School, Detroit, Mich.

His words have left an imprint on the minds of his audiences and still have a deep effect on the readers of today. Lincoln's words were never wasted, and he never wasted words. He captivated his listeners, and influenced their minds to fight for the cause of truth and justice.

Cynthia Balicki, Grade 11, St. Ladislaus High School, Detroit, Mich.

There are certainly few speeches in the American repertory more often quoted and declaimed, not only for the majesty of the words and the feeling but because of the drama of the presentation: this is Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. In her introduction to her scholarly term paper, Caroline Raisanen, Lincoln High School, Esko, Minn., has this to say:

PURPOSE OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Books about Lincoln and the Gettysburg Address are abundant, but how many of us really stop to realize why did he have to make this speech. The Civil War was on and because thousands of soldiers were killed, and left

unburied, a National Cemetery was founded and for this dedicating of the Cemetery, Lincoln prepared his famous five minute speech. In this paper I have told how he presented his address, what the people thought of his oration, the events which led up to the trip to Gettysburg, and a little background on the famous Mr. Everett. The Gettysburg Address is so important in American history and literature, we cannot afford to know all there is to be known about it. It was heard by many thousands of people and yet it didn't become famous until after Lincoln died. Today there are five copies of the Address written in Lincoln's hand, and it is his works published for the *Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors* that we are concerned with.

The drama of the presentation of the Gettysburg Address inspired a number of students to put themselves, in imagination, in the position of someone who might have actually been at that famous scene. Following are several such imaginative presentations:

Our country was in the midst of a great civil strife. Our State, Virginia, had seceded from the Union, and was now an important part of the Confederacy. Pa had gone to fight with the Confederate Army and he left Ma and the five of us (three sons and two daughters) to run the plantation. For a time things continued to function smoothly; the slaves were working the fields, profits were coming in, and we lived in the manner to which we were accustomed. But then the Yankees began to gain the upper hand. When Pa had left to join the army he had told us that he would return when the South was victorious and had won the right to keep her slaves and aristocratic way of life. We were all certain that the Northern defeat was imminent.

But the war, which we had hoped would be brief, was fated to be long, cruel and bitter. Even before our plantation was ransacked and burned by Yankee troops, we received word of a great battle which had been fought at Gettysburg—a battle in which the South had been severely beaten—a battle in which our Pa had been killed. Pa might not have been handsome, nor famous, nor a general, but he was a brave soldier who loved his wife, children, and the South. He was a man respected by his family, his friends, and his slaves. And we loved him deeply. Now, he was dead—killed by some dirty Yankee soldier, who was just like the rest of the Northerners who came into the South—burning, stealing, and murdering.

Pa was buried in the cold Northern soil which he had fought against so bravely. About five months after the Battle of Gettysburg, a ceremony took place on the battlefield in honor of the men who had fought there. Ma said it was only fitting that we attend, seeing as how Pa was buried there. It took some doing to travel that far north, and when we finally arrived, it was a cold, windy November day. It was a day I shall long remember, for on November 19, 1863, I saw for the first time the President of the United States.

Through we had journeyed north with a burning love in our hearts for the defeated southern soldiers, we had also carried an abiding hatred for all Yankees. And

though we stood apart from the mob of noisy Yankees, I can recall quite clearly the man who spoke to us that day.

I was first impressed by the tall, awkward frame of the man as he slowly approached the speaker's platform. His gaunited, out-sized hands held a small scrap of paper on which his notes were written. Then as he gazed out over the hushed audience, his eyes fell upon me. As I looked into his face, I saw there something I never expected to see in the face of a northerner. On his countenance was written the sorrow and suffering which I had seen so often in the faces of my southern neighbors. His eyes, more eloquent than any words, were rich and warm with sympathy unspoken. And then his lips parted, and as his words came forth, softly at first and then more strongly, they rang with deep sincerity. "We cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who have struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract." In these words, Lincoln honored not only the soldiers of the north, but also those of the Gold and Gray. Here was the President of the Union, with his heart so filled with compassion for the South that it overflowed and flooded his features, his eyes, and even his spoken word. President Lincoln proved by these words that my Pa and others like him were just as precious to him as were the Union soldiers.

Do you understand now why I shall never forget this man? For this man, Abraham Lincoln, who so profoundly loved his people—be they Rebel or Yankee—and was so little loved in return, took from my heart hate, the greatest of all evils, and replaced it with love, the most precious of God's gifts.

Maureen T. Beck, St. Basil Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY SON DIED HERE, BUT I WON'T CRY ANYMORE

My eyes were full of tears, I was ready to hear the words, "I'm sorry for you"—nothing more.

There, for the first time, I saw Mr. Lincoln. Tall and thin as he was, he was all I had expected. He kissed the little girl who belongs to the poorest family in town. Mr. Lincoln was riding a bay horse. His legs hung so long that I thought they would touch the ground. The benediction was beautiful, but I longed to hear what Mr. Lincoln was going to say. Mr. Everett's speech I didn't even hear. The sword with the blood and its battered blade had caught my eye. I thought for a moment, maybe that was what had killed my son. Then I began to feel that my son had died for nothing, because it would all be forgotten. I watched Mr. Lincoln as he got up. He had been noticing everything on the field. I can't remember all that he said, but I only knew that what he said made me so proud, so proud of my son, that I almost burst with adoration. Mr. Lincoln had not only calmed my sorrowful feelings, but all the others had managed to smile through the tears that had made them so blind.

Mr. Lincoln thought his speech would be forgotten, but everyone wanted to prove differently. No, his words won't be forgotten; they will live as long as liberty dwells on this earth. I shall never forget that day, nor Mr.

Lincoln. He didn't tell us he was sorry for us—he made us proud!

Darla Hoskins, Albany High School, Albany, Ind.

I HEARD LINCOLN DELIVER THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Yes, I was there. I was one of the many thousands that had come to witness the dedication of this battlefield as a soldier's cemetery. This enormous field of sorrow and bravery acted as a magnet, drawing us to it, all for different reasons. Some had come just to absorb the importance of the occasion, others to hear the speakers to take advantage of the opportunity to display their orating talents. But me—I came to stand on the soil that blankets the young bodies of my two sons and perhaps to find a reason for their seemingly needless death.

The war! The war! How it had changed us, all of us. People were just now beginning to smile again, to erase that trace of constant worry from their faces and feel that there was going to be a future, a future filled with hope and prosperity. But every time I thought of the future it filled me with emptiness because the fullness of my existence, the product of my life's purpose lay beneath the warm earth.

The people began to jostle me and as I raised my eyes, I saw the speakers taking their seats. The first one was a short, bearded, puffy-looking man. He gave the appearance of being able to talk for days without getting tired. Then our President took his seat. He was much taller than I had imagined and the top hat he wore gave an even greater illusion of height. The only factor that made him look as though he wasn't the farmer next door was the contemplating look on his long thin face. So this was the man who, just last year in 1862, passed the Homestead Law, which granted 160 acres of public land to anyone agreeing to farm it for 5 years. I wonder if he knows how well my neighbor is prospering since he took advantage of it. But no, no man in that big house in Washington could know how the common people feel and think, especially when he has stolen your two sons.

The crowd quieted down, the introductions were made, the crowd applauded and the puffy little man rose to speak, and his booming voice reached my ears carrying fancy lawbook words and after a while it seemed as though he belonged on a stage instead of a cemetery. The words just seemed to come rushing forth as a waterfall would, and finally at the end of an hour and a half, he ended his eloquent oration, bowed deeply and returned to his seat. From the crowd came an uproarious applause and the puffy little man seemed pleased. The lady standing next to me whispered to a friend that the President would have to go a ways to beat that speech.

The tall, bearded man in black rose, walked to the front of the platform, searched the crowd with his eyes and spoke—"Fourscore and seven years ago, our forefathers"—. His voice was deep, commanding, yet humble. And there emanated a sincerity and warmth from his entire being. His words—yes, he's talking to me! To me, just a farmer, and he's talking about my boys. His words seemed to reach my dry, crusted mind and heart and wash them clean as a gentle healing rain, giving a soft relief. Before I could gather my thoughts

he had stopped speaking and the audience maintained their ominous silence. The tall man looked to his listeners for a response to his words, any response. But he received none, for the people on the opposite end of his words had received them as I did and their effects had left them numb. Numb with admiration, love, respect and awe. This they had to give the great man, not applause because applause was for men, and Lincoln was more than a man.

Now I knew why my sons had died and suddenly I was sorry that I could not have given more. Now I know why they left to join the army with the fervent words, "But, Pa, we *want* to. It's our country, too." Yes, there was a future for me now, too. A bright future with hope and prosperity making my nation strong and safe for all of the sons of the coming generations.

As I looked up and past the same lady next to me crying, I saw the President leave the platform with the others and noticed that he seemed visibly dismayed at the reception of his speech. His disappointment masked his face and now he seemed more tired than ever.

Now I wanted to reach out to help him as he had helped me. I started toward him but was stopped by a man in a security policeman's uniform. "But I must speak to him!" I insisted and the guard looked at me as though I were insane. But even though my voice would never reach him and my words comfort him and tell him the truth as I wanted them to, my heart cried out with all of its longing and strength, "Don't worry, Mr. Lincoln, you captured our hearts and mended broken ones. We gave you those, Mr. Lincoln, you don't deserve applause. Applause is for men."

Sandra Kress, St. Basil Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

On that glorious day so long ago, when President Lincoln gave his immortal speech at Gettysburg, I was there, in spirit, if not in body.

I see him now in my mind's eye. He is dressed in his usual black clothes with his stovepipe hat upon his head. He holds himself proud and straight, but his face gives the impression of a man who is under great strain. As he rises to the platform, the crowd quiets down and his face brightens a bit. He raises his hands for silence, and then his deep voice, filled with emotion, booms out in the silence. Slowly he talks, putting his all into this, his most important and memorable address. With his last words the crowds clap with appreciation, telling him that they, the people, agree with all he believes in. And as I gaze upon his face, I see a glory shining in it, and know that he is one of the greatest men our country has ever known.

Sue Martin, Grade 7, Emmitsburg High School, Emmitsburg, Md.

I WALKED TODAY WHERE LINCOLN WALKED

I walked today where Lincoln walked
in eighteen-sixty-three.
I thought of how his noble life
had meant so much to me,
and how each deed which he performed
had helped to keep me free.

I stood where he stood at Gettysburg
that day in sixty-three,
and heard him say that all men were
created equally.

I understood his grave concern ;
his sad and burdened care
for a land created of, and by,
and for each person there.

I felt his pain ; heard him weep while
brother and neighbor fought
against each other in a land
that blood and tears had bought.

He had great faith in America—
(this man whose paths I trod)
conceived in liberty and love
of freedom under God.

I walked today where Lincoln walked
in eighteen-sixty-three.
I thought of how his noble life
had meant so much to me,
and how each deed which he performed
had helped to keep me free—
each deed and thought and action
for peace and liberty.

Mary O'Melveny, Grade 12, Emmitsburg High School, Emmitsburg, Md.

PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Characters (In order of appearance) : Reporter, Sister-in-law, Tom Lincoln, Dennis Hanks, Sarah Bush Johnston, Abraham Lincoln, Stanton.

Directions.—Each scene was held in tableau until lights were up. The characters broke tableau during lines and then assumed tableau at close of lines and until lights were entirely dimmed.

Background music, Aaron Copland's "Portrait of Lincoln" was played during portions of dialog, during announcer's lines, and preceding the various scenes.

The final choral number "Abe of Illinois" continued in humming as the play commenced. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung during the finale of the play as the curtain closed.

Scene One

ANNOUNCER: The place is 18 miles from Elizabethtown, Kentucky, out in the open where neighbors are sparse and life is lonely. In this winter of 1809, Nancy Hanks is expecting her second child. The 12th day of February, a Sunday, Thomas Lincoln has just gone to get his sister-in-law who lives two miles away in the next cabin. (*Thomas now entering the room*)

SISTER-IN-LAW: It's a boy all right, Tom—kinda scrawny, but he's a boy.

REPORTER: Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln!

TOM: Yes?

REPORTER: Could you answer a few questions for us?

TOM: Well, I guess . . . well, I mean I'm kinda busy right now.

REPORTER: Just a few questions, Mr. Lincoln.

TOM: Well, all right, jest as long as it don't take too long.
REPORTER: Mr. Lincoln, what are you going to name the boy?

TOM: Well, we decided on Abraham after his grand-father.

ANNOUNCER: Abraham Lincoln grew up in the wilderness, in summer barefoot, his winter footwear deerskin moccasins.

Scene Two

ANNOUNCER: It is now the winter of 1816, the year so cold that people will remember it as "1800 and froze to death." Thomas Lincoln helped his wife on a horse and himself mounted another; each with a child before them they set out for Indiana. With them goes Dennis Hanks.

REPORTER: Dennis!

DENNIS: Yes?

REPORTER: I'd like to ask you a few questions.

DENNIS: Yes.

REPORTER: Dennis remembered that Abe toted a gun and kept it so dry crossing the Ohio that he shot a turkey hen with it the first day we got to Indiana.

The fall of 1818 Nancy Lincoln died.

DENNIS: Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I'll never forget it, the misery in the cabin when Nancy died. Abe and me, helped Tom make the coffin; we laid Nancy close to the deerrun in the woods. Abe never will forget the miserable way his Mother died.

Scene Three

ANNOUNCER: It is the year after Nancy's death. Thomas Lincoln is in Elizabethtown calling on Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnson, a widow, according to the honorable Samuel Haycraft, clerk of the Elizabethtown courts.

TOM: Well, Mrs. Johnson, I have no wife and you have no husband. I come for the purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal and you knowed me from a boy. I have no time to lose; if you're willing, let it be done straight off.

SARAH: Tommy, I know you well and I have no objection to marrying you, but I cannot do it straight off as I have some debts to be paid first.

REPORTER: Mrs. Johnson, may we have a few words with you?

SARAH: Well, yes, of course.

REPORTER: Are we to understand that you are not going to marry Mr. Lincoln?

SARAH: Well, I'm afraid I can't right now, as I have some debts to be paid first.

REPORTER: Mr. Lincoln, could we speak to you for a minute? What do you propose to do about this situation, Mr. Lincoln?

TOM: Time will tell.

ANNOUNCER: Apparently Thomas paid the debts because Judge Haycraft the next morning, December 2, 1819, issued a license and they were married. A day later Thomas loaded Sarah's household goods on a borrowed wagon and set out with his new wife.

Scene Four

ANNOUNCER: The cabin Sarah Lincoln found was not heartwarming; it was a cabin without windows or floors.

SARAH: Dennis, you move that carpenter's bench outside; Abe you get some water from the spring; Dennis, you get your sister and get washed up for dinner.

REPORTER: Sarah, Mrs. Lincoln.

SARAH: Yes?

REPORTER: Are you pleased with your new home in Pigeon Creek?

SARAH: Well, I got a few changes to make, but I'm sure it will do.

ANNOUNCER: Abraham loved his Mother and she was deeply fond of him. In her old age she said (*lights dim to off and then up*)

SARAH: His mind and mine, what little I got, seem to run together and to work on the same channel.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*off stage*): All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother.

ANNOUNCER: Abe Lincoln lived a deep and tormented life beneath an outer shell of comedy. The morning of February 11, 1861, Abe Lincoln departed on the most difficult mission of his life, the Presidency of the United States. Lincoln is to make his farewell address speech to the citizens of Springfield from the platform of the Presidential train.

Scene Five—Springfield Station

ANNOUNCER: Now we switch you to our on the spot reporter at Springfield Station. Mr. Lincoln is standing on the platform of the Presidential train. It is decked out in the colors of the United States. Crowds are gathered around it. Lincoln, it seems, is ready to speak. In a second the bands stop playing, the crowds are hushed. Yes, Mr. Lincoln is ready to speak.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of its people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children were born and one lies buried. I now leave not knowing when or ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested on the shoulders of Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, whoever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail."

Scene Six—Gettysburg

ANNOUNCER: Thursday, the 19th of November 1863, we are on Cemetery Hill south of the town at the new national monument cemetery where the soldiers of many states have been buried, state by state after the bloody battle of July in which nearly a third of all men of both sides were killed, wounded or missing after the end of three terrible days of fighting. The graves are in ordered rows, the grass has not yet had time to cover them; they look cold and raw and we shiver as we think of the silent multitude beneath the solemn ground. People stream into the cemetery in carriages and wagons, grieving and

curious, among the graves. They gather around a temporary wooden platform built in this ceremony of dedication. Now we hear minute guns fired in the town and bands playing. The official procession is on its way. It arrives, passing lines of troops drawn up in salute. They are governors of state, members of Congress, and of the Cabinet, foreign diplomats, generals, and the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln.

The tall President, riding on a chestnut horse that is said to be the largest in the Cumberland Valley, towers in black clothes and high hat above all the others. He bows right and left in response to the cheers. The speakers and guests dismount and go up the steps to the platform. There is more music from the bands, and the chaplain of the House of Representatives opens the services with a prayer. Edward Everett has been U.S. Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, Secretary of State, Ambassador to Great Britain, and President of Harvard. Everett, who is considered the foremost orator of his time, delivers the speech on which he has been working for two months time. It is lofty and dignified, with all the final qualities of classical oratory. It lasts two hours. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, sits waiting. There are many here who hate him; others think him a western clown who has merely happened into high office. The committee which planned the dedication services had at first not even thought of asking him to speak. They supposed he was too busy with the war still tearing the nation. They were not sure he could rise to this weighty and sad occasion. They finally asked him to make only a few remarks after the main oration, in which he was, as chief executive, formally to set apart the grounds to their sacred use. The most burdened man in America, he had no time to write a long address. He wrote a draft of what he was to say, or notes for it, in Washington ten days or so before. He finished his speech late last night, and he now has it in his pockets. (*The Glee Club sings an ode composed for the dedication*) (*An official rises and says, "The President of the United States"*)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*Gettysburg Address to be inserted here*)

These few words of the President are so soon over that the photographer, with his clumsy camera, had not had time to take the President's picture. The audience has hardly had time to settle itself before the speaker sat down again. Lincoln wishes that he had been able to prepare a better speech. A few persons present knew from the start that his words belonged to the ages.

REPORTER: This has been yours truly on the spot at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and the address of the President at the dedication of the New National Cemetery. And now back to central control.

Scene Seven

REPORTER: The time is two years later, March 4, 1865, place and event, Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address. We haven't gotten all of his address as we arrived late. Lincoln has just stopped for a while and taken a glass of water. He's beginning again. Now we bring you the immortal words of Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*Second Inaugural Address to be inserted here*)

REPORTER: Mr. President, Mr. President, may we have a few words with you, Sir—just a few words?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Gentlemen: I am grateful for your concern at this time, but if you can understand that I have not the time but for a few questions.

REPORTER: Thank you, Mr. President, I believe that is all we require. Sir, are we to conclude from your statements that you intend to help the South?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: My speech is self-explanatory, sir.

REPORTER: You said, "With malice towards none, and charity towards all." Did you mean that, sir, for all the people concerned with the war?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: So I said it; so I meant it.

REPORTER: Thank you very much, Mr. President, thank you. Yours truly, broadcasting Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address on March 4, 1865.

Scene Eight

REPORTER: The time is April 14, 1865, a little more than a month has passed since Lincoln's Second Inaugural. We're at the Ford Theatre in Washington. President Lincoln has just been carried to a house across the street with a bullet in his head. The spectators seem to say that a half-crazed actor named John Wilkes Booth must have stolen silently up behind the Chief Executive thinking he was revenging the south. They said that Booth shot Lincoln in the back of the head. It is an anxious night; Lincoln is hovering between life and death. Now we will switch you to the room where Lincoln is lying. We are in a drab bedroom in a small house across from the Ford Theatre; Lincoln is lying on a bed; he is stretched out diagonally on a corn husk mattress; his legs are too long for the bed. It is about 7:15; the doctor is looking over him. I don't believe that he is going to make it. The time in a second is twenty-one minutes after 7:00, April 15, 1865; the President is taking a deep breath. Ladies and Gentlemen, the President is dead. Twenty-one minutes after seven, a.m. The day after Good Friday. We are going to interview a few of those present in the room.

REPORTER: Sir, Sir, could we have a few words with you?

STANTON: Yes, Yes, I guess you could. It is not an occasion that brings joy into my eyes. Mr. Lincoln did a job that I don't believe any other man could do under any circumstances.

REPORTER: Mr. Lincoln, America's sixteenth President, has a look of unspeakable peace on his face. He was 56. Now we will ask Mr. Stanton to repeat what he said when Lincoln died.

STANTON: My words were only this, "Now he belongs to the ages."

CHOIR: *Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Staging.—The play was staged against a curtain backdrop with six playing areas located down right, down left, up right, up left and up center.

The space technique was used which consisted of light-

ing with spot lights playing the areas actually in use and leaving the rest of the stage in darkness.

The properties were representational in nature and important to the action of the play.

The down right area was the general position of the announcer and reporters (which was taken by the one person). He did approach the other scenes when they were being played.

A raised platform or series of steps was used for Scene VI and VIII with back lighting on Scene VIII for a silhouette effect.

Scene V was played with simple staging to represent the end platform of the Presidential train.

The Speech Arts Department, E. R. Snyder Continuation High School, San Diego, Calif.; Ronald Page (coordinating author).

How do youth assess the many qualities that made up Lincoln's greatness? Two junior high students from the same school provide their answers:

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED FROM LINCOLN

First, Abe Lincoln's life stands for honesty. The littlest boy or girl knows Lincoln as "Honest Abe." After all these years stands the most wonderful nickname anyone could ever have, "Honest Abe." It is indeed a compliment to be remembered as "Honest Abe" rather than President Lincoln.

Second, Abe Lincoln stands for success; a poor lonely backwoods boy with very little formal schooling has an equal chance to become President of the United States, was proved by Lincoln.

Third, Abe Lincoln helped our government to understand that all men are created equal, regardless of race or creed. This is just as important today as it was then.

Fourth, Abe Lincoln helped to unite the North and South into one United States. He made us see that for the United States to be the greatest Nation, then or now, it must always be united.

Fifth, Abe Lincoln gave us the greatest speech our country has ever heard, "The Gettysburg Address." He

reminded us then, and now, to remain free under God and we shall not perish.

Sixth, Abe Lincoln proclaimed the first Thanksgiving. He reminds us always to be thankful to God for His Blessings.

We could go on and on telling of his life and achievements. After I have been dead for more than 94 years, my biggest hope is to be remembered for these six ideals, as Abe is remembered today.

John Nelson, Elkins Junior High School, Elkins, W. Va.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A REAL AMERICAN

Why do we think of Abraham Lincoln as a real American? Is it because he was our 16th president who held our country together during the Civil War? Or does the fact that he was a common person, reared on a farm, enter in also?

First, I believe that Abraham Lincoln was a real American because he stood for the hope of goodness in our country. He was the almost perfect American. Abe Lincoln was honest, truthful and courageous. But most of all he was humble. He'd never try to get ahead of another person by force or cheating.

Second, he was always kind and courteous to everyone. His awkward smile and a humorous joke brightened up the lives of hundreds of people. Even when the future looked dim, he brought new hope into people's souls.

Third, Abe Lincoln sought knowledge. He didn't have very good schooling, but that did not phase Abe Lincoln. He read books and all other articles of knowledge that he could get his hands on. Abe even stopped complete strangers to implore the news of the world.

Fourth, Abraham Lincoln was a worker. Once he started a project he always finished it. He labored at many things from running a store to practicing law. No wonder people trusted Abe Lincoln. They knew he wouldn't let them down.

Yes, Abraham Lincoln was a great American and we should try to follow in his footsteps and help build an even stronger and more united America.

William Stump, Elkins Junior High School, Elkins, W. Va.

VI. The Death of Lincoln

The assassination of Lincoln is one of the great tragedies of our history. The feeling of loss remains vivid even today as one reads in the pages written by the youth of America.

Several students delved into source material to find out about the plotters; who they were, why they wanted to kill Lincoln, and how their plot developed. In a research paper, Bruce Leino, Lincoln High School, Esko, Minn., traces the story of Booth. Another research paper, by a student in the same school, Diane Arlene Klosner, traces the events from April 14, 1855, to May 4, 1865, when Lincoln was finally buried.

One student tried to imagine what thoughts might have gone through Booth's head as he developed his plot:

Certainly he had planned it right, but he did have his doubts. John Booth dismounted and went up the steps to the boardinghouse. As he opened the door and went to the room used for his private meetings, he thought back upon what he had arranged.

Surely everything was in order, the small hole in the door, well, hardly anyone would recognize that, least of all the President. It was necessary for him to have a view of the President's position. That drop he had planned, an excellent way to escape, only one actor, and surely he would be gone before anyone could stop him. What would bother him, though, were those flags and things draped in front of the box. Why did everyone have to clamor so much over one man! What had he done, only have his soldiers demolish every workable thing in the South, destroy the homes, burn the fields, kill the unprotected, and as if that weren't enough, he had to settle his soldiers in the remaining places to further bother the people and set up the darkies. And the soldiers wondered why the people were so hostile! After all, they'd only been defeated. . . .

Coming back to the present, John further checked off in his mind the other preparations he'd made. He figured the letter would be enough explanation, let them worry themselves over that, they'd know then who shot Lincoln and how the Great Confederate People would, after all, have their last laugh. Seward would be an easy one to do away with, already ailing as he was. John had employed David Herold and Lewis Payne to see to that little job. Simple enough for Payne to say he had a prescription for Seward and then fix him; Payne would be right

there waiting to help them get away. Atzerodt was the one with the harder job, because although Johnson was stupid enough to fall for many things, he was smart enough to take care of himself. Mrs. Surratt had little to bother about, just as long as she delivered those field glasses.

Yes, John thought as he seated himself, as long as everything goes along smoothly as planned, everything will be perfect.

Elizabeth Ronald, Gilroy Union High School, Gilroy, Calif.

In a research paper entitled "The Assassin of a President," Jay Phyfer, Geneva High School, Geneva, Ill., reviews the events after Lincoln was shot, tracing the unhappy plotters through to their death, including the weird myth that Booth had not been captured and killed. In summary:

These are the facts of the Booth legend which still lives today. Booth didn't obtain glory as he sought it, but he did become a legendary name and gave America a new figure for its folklore.

In her research into the background of those concerned with Lincoln's assassination, Georgann Wortley, Carnegie High School, Carnegie, Pa., introduces her subject matter with the following comment:

The assassination of Lincoln is probably the most monstrous and debated crime of our time. Most people can tell you that Lincoln was shot on April 14, 1865 in the Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C. But who can tell you the facts behind the case. Everyone connected with the case, even Lincoln himself, fell completely out of character; everyone except John F. Parker, a drunken roistering Metropolitan policeman.

The actual assassination itself prompted several students to imagine what it might have been like to have been an actual witness of what occurred:

April fourteenth dawned as a clear and beautiful spring morning. This was to be a very special day. Tonight was also special. I had procured tickets for the presentation of the play, "Our American Cousin." And it was rumored that the Lincolns were to attend the performance!

Everywhere the air was filled with anticipation. People were scurrying about excitedly, unable to talk of anything but the wonderful victory for the North. I went about my tasks as usual: a little straightening up, marketing, mending, and preparing dinner.

At seven-thirty I was ready for the theater. Since it was such a lovely evening, my husband and I decided to walk. We reached the Ford Theater a little later. A crowd was gathering and I saw many of my acquaintances. Finally we reached the foyer and an usher showed us to our seats. They were good ones, situated on the first floor near the center. From them, the Lincolns' box was plainly visible. The curtain rose promptly at eight; still the President had not arrived. At eight-thirty, there was a round of applause as Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and two guests were ushered into the President's box.

The play was a good one and continued smoothly until the third act. Then it happened. There was a loud noise, someone screamed, and then a dark figure jumped to the stage. This was followed by cries of "Stop that man!" Immediately my eyes turned toward the President. He was no longer sitting in his chair, but slumped over with his wife crying piteously. I now realized what had taken place—President Lincoln had been shot.

Pandemonium occurred. The theater was filled with surging people, all eager to lend aid to the President. The manager recovered in time to order all unnecessary personnel out of the theater. I returned home with a heavy heart. Such a kind-hearted gentleman as Mr. Lincoln shot by someone seemed impossible.

But there it was in bold black and white print in the morning paper. The President was dead.

Many years have passed. Three men have since succeeded to the White House. And yet, I cannot forget that terrible night, that terrible noise—the shot that killed Abraham Lincoln.

Anita Ries, St. Basil Academy,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I WAS THE GUN THAT KILLED ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Darn it all! I'll never understand how I get into these predicaments. I'm a peace-loving, law-abiding citizen of Gunville and I *try* to mind my own business. So out of all the hundreds of guns around, why did I have to be chosen? But I suppose I was destined from the beginning to commit that awful crime. The one that deprived our country of its wise and gentle president.

I am ashamed that it had to be *my* bullet that pierced the skin of that famous man and caused his death. He was the leader of truth and justice, the symbol of freedom to thousands, and a loving and devoted father to his countrymen. And to think that I am responsible for robbing him of life just makes me cringe. If only my trigger could have locked or my barrel jammed!

But there's no sense in trying to make excuses now, because there is absolutely nothing I can do to amend that deed. I know that I will never forget the horrible crisis I caused, or the suffering I inflicted. No, there is nothing

I can do now except regret my fate as the gun that killed Abraham Lincoln.

Barbara McHenry, St. Basil Academy,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ABE AND I—One Act Play

Characters: Abraham Lincoln's Hat, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen Douglas

Time: April 15, 1865

Place: Presidential Booth, Ford Theater

HAT (off stage voice): What a splendid theater this is! Prim young ladies in rustling taffeta gowns and gentlemen in top hats and elegant waist coats are standing around in small groups chatting amiably. The curtain will rise in a few moments and all wait in anxious expectation. I feel so proud as different persons cast occasional admiring glances up toward our booth. And from my honored position on the President's knee I gaze down and survey everything and everyone.

I guess you could say I've always been a fortunate fellow. I was chosen out of all the top hats at the haberdashers to be worn by Abraham Lincoln. Ever since the day I was sold, I've led the most adventurous and exciting and pleasant life that any hat could lead. My first main experience was one of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates. I can remember it as clearly as though it were yesterday . . . (*Fades; section of the stage lights up*)

DOUGLAS: And in conclusion I would like to add that, "I believe that this country is in more danger now than at any other moment since I have known anything of public life!"

LINCOLN: In answer to Mr. Douglas' statement, I would like to tell this story. "When I was a boy, I spent considerable time along the Sangamon River. An old steamboat plied on the river, the boiler of which was so small that when they blew the whistle, there wasn't enough steam to turn the paddle wheel. When the paddle wheel went around, they couldn't blow the whistle. My friend Douglas reminds me of that old steamboat, for it is evident when he talks he can't think, and when he thinks, he can't talk." (*Ripple of laughter and shouts*)

DOUGLAS: Mr. Lincoln considers himself quite a humorist, yet he is also something else. He once held a position which few know about. He used to run a liquor store and sell whiskey. What do you have to say about that, Mr. Lincoln?

LINCOLN: "But the difference between Judge Douglas and myself is just this, that while I was behind the bar he was in front of it." (*Laughter repeated, lights dim, and voices fade*)

HAT: I almost split my sides laughing that time. But then there was the other side of Lincoln, the serious and conscientious side. This phase of his character was best shown when he was nominated as a candidate for the presidency. How could one ever forget his memorable words. (*Fades a bit*)

LINCOLN: "Deeply and even painfully sensible of the great responsibility which is inseparable from this high honor—

a responsibility which I could almost wish had fallen upon some one of the far more eminent men and experienced statesmen whose distinguished names were before the convention—I shall, by your leave, consider more fully the resolutions of the convention, denominate the platform, and without any unnecessary or unreasonable delay respond to you, Mr. Chairman, in writing, not doubting that the platform will be found satisfactory, and the nomination gratefully accepted."

HAT: And then after his election and victory, I swelled with pride to hear him say that magnificent speech. (*Fades also*)

LINCOLN: "I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

HAT: Yes, that's my proprietor and protector, Abe Lincoln. I'll always remember his understanding, mild manner and staunch character. But now I think I'll relax for a few minutes. The scene is so peaceful and nothing could ever happen in such a short time. (*Suddenly a pistol shot resounds, a thud is heard as the body on the balcony slumps over the railing and the hat is seen falling from the balcony*)

Stage guide to the play.—In the center of the stage is a high balcony. When the play begins, two or three groups are gathered near the balcony. A few persons are seated facing left front, the imaginary stage. Seated in a chair on the balcony is the President, his hat resting on his knee. The lights are dimmed when the backstage voice representing the hat is heard over the microphone. The other people on stage seat themselves or leave.

When the debate begins the right side of the stage is lit. On a platform there the debate is carried on and when the speaking is ended the lights are dimmed.

The left side is lighted when Lincoln speaks the last two times.

For the ending the hat falls, the body slumps over the railing and the spotlight is played on the balcony as the shot is heard.

Jane McHale, Marymount School, Arlington, Va.

The premonition that Lincoln had of his own imminent death was mentioned by a number of students. In the selection below the student has taken a rather original approach to this episode:

THE DEVIL AND ABE LINCOLN

Abe stretched his long frame out in bed, and stared at the ceiling. He thought; thought of all the unhappy people in his nation, whom he considered his children; his warring children. *Gracious*, but he had a huge responsibility! It made him sadder and sadder, just to think about it.

Somehow, tonight he just couldn't sleep. He slid back his covers, shifted his large feet to the floor, and straight-

ened up, tall and gaunt against the dusky, summer light still faintly coming through the window. Walking over, he pulled back the lace curtains, and stood looking out on the lawn and trees.

"Go to bed real early tonight," Mrs. Lincoln had said (she always mothered him like this)—"and get some sleep for a change." Sleep . . . when he could practically hear the guns and cannon and the screams of the dying? Though he could almost see the battlefield where his sons, his Northern, and his Southern sons, were dying for what they believed? He hadn't slept for three weeks; and he doubted if he ever would sleep again.

"Ah say, theah, Mr. Lincoln?"

Abe spun around, at the south of the deep Southern voice.

"You ah Mr. Lincoln?"

"Of *course* I'm Mr. Lincoln; but who are *you*?"

"It doesn't matter too much who ah am, Suh," the visitor replied as he calmly walked over, and sat on the end of Abe's bed.

Lincoln eyed him carefully. This man was foreign, but familiar; and when the President first turned, he would have sworn he saw fire where the stranger's eyes should have been.

"Ef ah'm not mistaken, Suh, ah believe you were just thinkin' that you'd do almost ANYTHIN' to hustle this war along."

With his eyes still on the man, Lincoln nodded once, quite slowly, wondering what he was leading up to.

"Well, Suh, ah'm prepared to hurry this war along real fast and easy—for a Price."

Now Abe knew where he had seen his guest before, and he read his meaning clearly. He slowly turned toward the window again. He stood there, in his nightcap and short nightgown which left his bare feet and ankles showing, his eyes fixed on the grounds below, his hands clasped behind him in restless contemplation.

"Oh, ah don't mean the USUAL price, Suh," the person hastened to say; "but you AH upsettin' mah work, 'cause you do so much more good than ah'm. It'd please me much to shorten your, uh, STAY in this place."

Without turning towards him, Abe mused. "I like 'this place,' as he called it . . ." But watching the staunch oak in his garden bucking the wind, he remembered his purpose—for he again heard the cannon and screams, and again recalled the report on his desk—over 43,000 human beings missing, or lying dead and wounded on the field of Gettysburg.

Abe nodded, whirled, and faced the stranger. His large hands still behind him, the President's eyes burned back at those of his visitor.

"It's a fact, sir; I suppose you Do have some power over a thing as abominable as this war. All right—if *you* have honor enough, I'll deal with you!"

When Mrs. Lincoln entered the room later, Abe was still standing by the window, staring into the blackness outside.

It was over a year and a half later, and the President was talking to his wife at breakfast.

"But, Mary, it was the strangest thing. I know it was only a dream, but it felt mighty peculiar, watching my

own death and funeral! Why," he chuckled, "I even noticed that they hadn't shaved my beard quite right!"

"Oh, Abe, don't joke about such things," Mrs. Lincoln said. "I just can't imagine your leaving me. Not now, now now that the war's over, and the country—and I—need you so much."

Abe just smiled, sadly and lovingly at his wife.

Yes, the war's done, he thought. Not as soon as I'd hoped, but then, there was an awful lot to get straightened out. Nice of "my friend" to remind me of our bargain in that dream last night. But we won the war; we saved the Union.

. . . And lost yourself doing it, Abe Lincoln . . .

Vicki Stonik, St. Mary's Academy, Winlock, Wash.

THE DREAM

President Lincoln retired late.
Sleep came quick; 'tis fatigue's mate.
The atmosphere was deathly still
Then subdued cries his mind did fill.
He went downstairs, the sounds to seek.
The mournful sounds that made one weak.
He heard the sobs, but saw not their source
He came to the East Room, a sight of remorse.
A covered body lay amid a crowd.
The people were sad. Their heads were bowed.
"Who is dead in the White House?" with fear he was filled
They answered, "The President. He has been killed."
With this he awoke, but he could not sleep.
With troubled thoughts his mind filled deep.
Later, of this dream he spoke
One morning, two weeks thence, he woke.
But the next morn, he did not wake.
An assassin the President's life did take.

(This poem is based on historical evidence. It tells of a dream Abraham Lincoln had, which he told to a White House servant. Approximately 2 weeks after he had this dream, it was proven true by an assassin's bullet.)

Philip Myers, North Plainfield High School, North Plainfield, N.J.

How did the death affect the nation? What happened then? In several selections students report their impressions of the impact of Lincoln's sudden death:

FROM TAD TO ABE

Father, how well I remember
The moments we have shared
The happy ones, the sad ones,
The moments of despair.

The things you've taught me, Father,
I know I can never repay.
But I hope that all those virtues
Forever with me will stay.

You always tried to help me,
You always were so kind.
I'll have to be a man now.
You're leaving me behind.

Father, I know it's all this
That's made me love you so
And how it grieves my young heart
To hear you breathe so low.

As I kneel beside you, knowing
The Creator's wish for you,
I think of the good you've done me
And for our country, too!

Grief will overcome me,
But He will help me smile,
Living as you've taught me
Though I'll miss you all the while.

Judy Angst, Cotter High School, Winona, Minn.

EVERLASTING

Oh sad, Oh weary,
God at last had called;
Oh humanity, Oh posterity,
A messenger has come
And stolen from us
A man so faithful and true
To the Brotherhood of Man.

Oh wrong, Oh sinful,
What have you done?
Oh grievous, Oh mournful,
A carriage passes by,
Bearing a man
Locked away forever,
With flowers strewn about.

Oh joyous, Oh happy,
Not locked away forever;
Oh humanity, Oh posterity,
But eternally free;
Ideas, words, deeds—
This man shall live forever,
This pillar, this Man of Men.

Sarah Hawthorne, Edina-Morningside High School, Edina, Minn.

TRAGEDY

A tall man and weary; at his side sits his wife.
The footlights, low and dim, reveal on his face,
The pain and the sorrow etched there by war.
The curtain rises; the Drama unfolds;
A Player steps onto the Stage, for him no role,
Save that written by Fate.

A single spoken, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

A tall man and weary; at his side sits his wife.
The harsh light of dawn breaks on his face,
Smothered by Death's cold hand.
The pain and the sorrow, so deeply etched there,
Written now on the face of a nation.

Bill Sanford, Edina-Morningside High School, Edina, Minn.

YOU ARE THERE—An excerpt from a script

NARRATOR (*Light fades on stage*): On the night of April 14, 1865, the President and his wife with their guests

sat in one of the boxes at the Ford Theater to see a performance of "Our American Cousin." At about 10:15, John Wilkes Booth entered the box and mortally wounded the President. Mr. Lincoln was carried to the house of William Peterson across the street from the theater. Here he died. We are now going to speak to four famous men concerning the death of our beloved President: Mr. North, Mr. South, Mr. East, and Mr. West.

MR. SOUTH: I cannot express the feelings of the South. I feel that Mr. Lincoln was so great a man that words cannot be found to tell of the sorrow and tragedy that the country feels. Even though we fought against what he stood for—"I wish to free all men"—I think we are just as close to this wonderful person as anyone else.

MR. NORTH: Men have joked, kidded and talked about Abe behind his back and to his face. Yet, I feel that all of those people solemnly regret this. Truly, we as a country have lost the greatest peace-lover of all time. If Abe ever comes back again, I hope he will be more appreciated than he was on this trip.

MR. EAST: On the night of April 14, 1865 on the Ford Theater stage, people were screaming and running all over—"The President is wounded"—was the cry. Yes, Mr. Lincoln had been mortally wounded. America was about to lose the Civil War President. The news of his death was a shock to all. Our nation has suffered a truly great loss which never can be replaced. Abe Lincoln will live in the hearts of all men everywhere forever.

MR. WEST: We out West never knew about Mr. Lincoln, but even from his pictures you can tell what a great man he was. As Secretary Stanton on the fifteenth of April in 1865 at 7:22 said—"Now He Belongs to the Ages."

Script prepared by: Barbara Milner, Patricia Norris, Judith Simko, Dorothy Dickenson, Judith Akridge, 9th grade, Ursuline Academy, Springfield, Ill.

NO NAME

He went into the White House
With threats of war at hand;
But with a calm and steadfast grip
Reorganized the land.

So great in stature and in mind,
Who stood for things so glorious;
Who led us through the flood of war,
And brought us out victorious.

The "Pale Horse" came so suddenly,
Out of clouds so grey;
As quick as lightning from the sky,
To steal our chief away.

Oh, who would want to kill this man,
Who led us through disaster?
To whom the people looked with hope,
As though he were their master.

He did not die for glory;
He did not die for might;
He died for things we fought for—
The things he knew were right.

Let's not forget his lofty goal,
A nation undivided;
The questions of freedom, peace or war
May not go undecided.

Barrie Lewers, Edina-Morningside High School,
Edina, Minn.

The following poem and script focus on the funeral itself:

THE LONG JOURNEY TO ENDLESS PEACE

Clickity-clack, clickity-clack, echo the monotonous wheels
of a funeral train,

On its long journey to the quiet prairies of Illinois.

The funeral train with its nine black-draped cars,
passes slowly the shocked, grief-stricken people,
Stops at larger cities, pauses at smaller towns,
That the despairing people might show their devotion.

Through their tear-swollen eyes the people gaze
At the body of a man resting peacefully,
Shrouded in the black suit in which he was
First inaugurated.

As the dawn breaks, the train nears its destination,
Over the quiet prairies of Illinois to Springfield:

Springfield is a grieving human sea:
As the train draws slowly to a stop, strained silence
Steals over the people.

In silence the body is lifted into a horse-drawn hearse,
Mournfully awaited at the State House;

Guns sound, voices of a choir pay the last respect
To Abraham Lincoln, a great, humble man.

The long journey to endless peace has ended.
But the greatness of this man dwells in the mind

Of the crowd,
Which slowly, silently withdraws.

Diana Forkins, Sanford Junior High School,
Minneapolis, Minn.

YOU ARE THERE: THE BURIAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SETTING: All lights out except one blue spot on a large,
black coffin. The scene is a graveyard, several tomb-
stones are seen around the coffin.

MUSIC: ("*Chopin's Funeral March*"—played softly)
(Mourners, dressed in black robes, cross stage and take
places around the coffin. White spot reveals Narrator on
stage left)

NARRATOR: You are there. The date—May 3, 1865. The
place—Oak Ridge Cemetery. The event—the burial of
Abraham Lincoln. Lovingly called Father Abraham and
Honest Abe, he was a mighty force in preserving our
union. What was Abraham Lincoln like? To give you
some firsthand information, we bring you back to the
year 1865 and the scene of his burial. What kind of a
day is it? A day like all others, except you are there.
(White spot out, amber spot—stage right—on 1st
mourner. Same music: "*Chopin's Funeral March*")

1ST MOURNER: From ashes to ashes, from dust to dust—
our beloved president is laid to rest. Millions of people
who had counted him great, warm and lovable—carried

his coffin and followed it nights and days for twelve days. By night there were bonfires and torches lighting the right-of-way for a slow-going train. By day there were troops with reversed arms, muffled drums, bells tolling, bells sobbing the requiem. To Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York, to Albany and Syracuse, to Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, they journeyed with the draped casket . . . At last to Springfield came the coffin that had traveled 1,700 miles—that had been seen by more than 7 million people—the rigid face on which more than 1,500,000 people had gazed. And here in my home town, the New Salem hilltop nearby, the cherished dust came to its final rest. (*Amber spot remains on, music the same*)

2D MOURNER: I remember April 14, because I was there at Ford's Theater. With the missions of the day done, Lincoln sought to relax himself by attending a play. The play was "Our American Cousin," but I don't remember much about it. I do remember the sound of the shot fired from the gun of John Wilkes Booth. Lincoln fell unconscious in the arms of his wife. Booth made a dramatic leap from the Presidential Box to the stage below. Although he fractured his leg, he was able to escape. With the assassin's bullet in his brain, we carried the unconscious Lincoln to a nearby house. There, in a drab bedroom, we laid him on a corn-husk mattress. At 22 minutes and 10 seconds past 7 a.m. on April 15, America's 16th president died.

The tragedy proved to be a part of a plot to slay several leading officials of the government. Yesterday, Booth was discovered in hiding and fatally shot while resisting arrest. Four others, including a woman, have been imprisoned.

Lincoln died with "a look of unspeakable peace" on his face. Now he belongs to the ages. (*Amber light out. Change of music: "Pomp and Circumstance." White light on Narrator*)

NARRATOR: A challenge by Lincoln to Douglas brought on the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The main subject of discussion was the question of extending slavery into free territory. The first was held at Ottawa, Illinois, on August 21, 1858. And the last was held at Alton, Illinois, on October 15. (*Narrator reads the first lines from the Emancipation Proclamation, the Gettysburg Address, and the first Inaugural Address*)

These words of Abraham Lincoln will live throughout the ages. What American heart is not stirred when he hears the familiar—" . . . all men are created equal"? What American does not feel a challenge reaching out to him from the words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us strive to bind up the nation's wounds—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

A house divided against itself—the North versus the South. This was a picture of the Civil War which began in 1861. After four years of cruel fighting, Robert E. Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865. This was the war that freed the slaves. (*White light out, amber on. Music: "Valse Trieste"*)

3D MOURNER: The effect of Abraham Lincoln's death on the people was great. Abe Lincoln, too, was affected by death. Abe was a very sad person. Yes, a sad man. I,

too, was sad. I shared his grief when my sister, Ann Rutledge, died. Ann was an ordinary girl, a bit prettier than average, but still very much like a lot of girls you know. And when she died, all that was young and gay in Abe Lincoln died with her. A sadness came into his eyes that never left them. There were many sorrows in his fitful life, and a violence and tempest, and the terrible thunders of a nation torn apart; but never did those brooding eyes forget the little graveyard on the outskirts of New Salem, and the girl who rested there . . . Ann Rutledge. (*Amber light remains on. Music: "Roses from the South"*)

4TH MOURNER: I remember one day when I accompanied my husband, a would-be client, to Mr. Lincoln's law office. After listening to my husband's case, Lincoln suddenly swung around in his chair and exclaimed, "Well, you have got a good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win it for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing talking to that jury I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud." (*Amber light remains on. Music: "Sleeping Beauty"*)

5TH MOURNER: I knowed Abe Lincoln as he grew up in Indiana . . . I reckon I kin still see 'im earning his first dollar and goin' to school wearin' them buckskin breechers which were sort o' baggy an' several inches too short fer 'im; cause he was awful tall, 'bout six feet an' two inches by the time he was sixteen.

He was always at school early an' always ahead all them other students an' when he was at home he didn't lose no time either 'cause he always had a book in his hand . . . even on Sunday.

Abe sure could learn easily an' what he learned he learned well . . .

I guess his favorite books was the Bible and the Aesop's Fables, 'cause he always had them 'round, reading an' rereading to himself and fer anybody else who would listen.

He had to work as soon as he could. He worked fer a lot of my neighbors, Mrs. Josiah Crawford, William Wood, an' old John Romine who always was callen 'im "Lazy Abe" 'cause he did so much reading an' thinking, and some much less working.

But everybody liked Abe 'cause he was so witty, kind, an' original. . . . Why all the town-folk would gather 'round 'im in the evening at old Will Jones' store an' he could keep them there till midnight or longer just telling stories an' cracking jokes.

But he was an awful good boy, his step-maw always said he was the best boy she ever seen. "I never have to give 'im a cross word. . . . His mind and mine, what little I have, seem to run together, moving in the same channel."

I reckon them were the happy years fer Abe . . . them years in Indiana. (*Same light, same music*)

6TH MOURNER: His life is all over with, I just can't believe it. It must all be a dream. It seems like just yesterday when he would put a book inside his shirt and fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers and go off to plow or hoe. When noon came, he'd sit under a tree and read and eat.

That boy would do anything to get hold of a book. Once he husked a great deal of corn for one and another time he walked eighteen miles, just to lay his hands on a book.

There were many other things he liked to do, also. He was on the neighborhood debate team, and when he left Indiana, he was the neighborhood champion in wrestling and weight lifting.

There are some incidents which I can particularly remember. One reason I think, is because his humor is shown in both of them. Even as a boy, Abe had a wonderful sense of humor.

He was growing like a stalk of field corn. Once one of the frontier lads shouted teasingly, "Say, High, I dropped my knife in the spring and the water's too deep for me to get it, but with your long arms you can easily reach it."

"No", said Abe slowly, "my arms not quite long enough. I'll splice my arm to yours and you can get your knife yourself." Then with a swift movement he lifted his tormentor from the ground, carried him wriggling and squawking to the spring, and thrust him head downward into the icy water. When the bubbles started to rise, he drew him up dripping and sputtering.

"I'll do something to you someday, Abe Lincoln," the boy screamed, shaking his wet fist.

"Mebbe you will," drawled Lincoln, "but one thing you won't do is call me 'High.' "

And now this man of all men is gone. Now he's history. Oh, how can it all be? Our great President is dead. (*Amber light out, white spot on. Music: "Chopin's Funeral March"*)

NARRATOR: Thus ends the story of a truly great man. The burial ground of Abraham Lincoln is marked by a memorial in Springfield, Illinois, today.

The Lincoln Memorial is in Washington, D.C. Designed by Henry Bacon, it has been deemed one of the most magnificent and classically perfect memorials ever erected to an individual. It was dedicated May 30, 1922. On the wall over the head of Lincoln's statue is carved (*White spot out. All mourners reading together, in blue light*):

ALL: In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever. (*Mourners slowly leave. Music swells louder. Blue light on coffin and music end together—silence*)

Speech Class, South High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

The following script, written by 8th-grade English and social studies students is given in its entirety. The script covers the period of the plot, the assassination, and then continues to show the political aftermath of Lincoln's death, with the maneuverings that went into the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson. This script, like many which have been included in previous sections or excerpts of which have been quoted,

shows the imagination of young people utilizing historical materials in a creative fashion.

THE UNGUARDED BOX

by Grade 8, English and Social Studies, Emerson Junior High School, Lakewood, Ohio

Cast of characters:

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States

John Wilkes Booth, actor

Mary Surratt, owner of boardinghouse

John Surratt, son of Mary Surratt

Plotter against the lives of high Federal officials in collusion with Booth:

George Atzerodt

Lewis Payne

David Herold

Maid, servant of Surratts

Two citizens: John, Thomas

Leaders of the "Radicals" within the Republican Party

Benjamin F. Wade, Senator from Ohio

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War in Lincoln's Cabinet

Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts

Thaddeus Stevens, Representative from Pennsylvania

S. C. Pomeroy, Senator from Kansas

John Sherman, Senator from Ohio

Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States

W. P. Fessenden, Senator from Maine, supporter of Johnson

W. T. Willey, Senator from West Virginia

Benjamin Robbins Curtis, Onetime Associate Justice of the Supreme Court and chief counsel for Andrew Johnson

Messenger

Mrs. J. W. Grimes, wife of Senator from Iowa

Mrs. P. G. VanWinkle, wife of Senator from West Virginia

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court

Alexander Ramsey, Senator from Minnesota

J. W. Grimes, Senator from Iowa

A. J. Patterson, Senator from New Hampshire

E. G. Ross, Senator from Kansas

Reporter

SCENES—Time 1865-1868

Prologue—Lincoln Soliloquy—April 14, 1865

ACT I

Scene 1—Surratt Boardinghouse—Afternoon, April 14, 1865

Scene 2—Surratt Boardhouse—Evening, April 14, 1865

Meeting between Two Citizens, John and Thomas

ACT II

Scene 1—Tavern Conference Room—Afternoon, April 15, 1865

Scene 2—Tavern Conference Room—Afternoon, November, 1867

Meeting between Senator Pomeroy and Senator Sherman

ACT III

Scene 1—Senator Fessenden's Office and Senator Wade's Office, A Few Days Before Final Impeachment Trial—Tuesday, May 12, 1868

Meeting Between Mrs. VanWinkle and Mrs. Grimes

Scene 2—Senate Chamber—Impeachment Trial in Session—Saturday, May 16, 1868

PROLOGUE

Lincoln is seated before the curtain in meditation. He is holding his book of devotionals with a scripture for each day. (*He opens his book, turning to April 14, and meditates a moment. He turns the pages and says:*)

I don't feel in the mood for today's scriptures. (*He stops and reads:*)

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me."

Ps. cxxxviii: 7.

How wonderful and true this devotional is. It is a world of spiritual aid to me. (*Rises and slowly walks back and forth*)

I am weary, so weary. The strain is beginning to slow me down. But I must not stop; I must continue my work of trying to unite the country.

We have been victorious, but the respect of the South is lost to us. Can we ever regain it? It is up to me as President. (*Sits*)

Maybe it is too late. It IS too late to save the thousands already dead. Douglas would have been a better President. I'm sure of that. Fighting among ourselves has caused us to lose stature. That must be regained. (*Rises*)

We must regain respect. I must and I WILL work toward that end.

I can't seem to forget that dream, that hideous dream, of my death. I remember as though it had happened yesterday. I saw a crowd before the Capitol. All were dressed in black and were solemn. I inquired what happened. I was told the President had been assassinated. (*Sits*)

Tonight I will endure that dreadful play, "Our American Cousin," which I have already seen. Mary asked me to go against my will. She already has the tickets.

Oh no, that dream again. Must it plague me eternally? However, if anything does happen, I am not worried because I have supreme confidence in my Vice President, Andrew Johnson.

I can only say that I have acted upon my best convictions, without selfishness or malice, and that with the help of God I shall continue to do so.

ACT I—Scene I

(On stage: Booth, the Surratts, Payne)

April 14, 1865—Mrs. Surratt's Boarding house. Mrs. Surratt is serving coffee. John Surratt is talking softly to Payne.

BOOTH: I don't see how those Yankees ever won the war! If we could have captured Lincoln, the North would have begged for peace. We had the route to Richmond all set and President Davis was almost waiting for us. But

even now it is not too late to help the Confederacy. . . . We'll kill him! (*Mrs. Surratt leaves*)

SURRATT: Kill the President? No!!!

BOOTH: He must be assassinated! It can't be any other way, Surratt.

SURRATT: But why must WE murder him?

BOOTH: It is our duty! . . . And think of the fame we'll get for rescuing the country from this tyrant.

SURRATT: I don't want to trade my life for fame!

BOOTH: What do you think, Payne?

PAYNE: I don't care . . .

SURRATT: I don't like it!

BOOTH: You won't have to kill anyone.

SURRATT: I could still hang as an accessory . . . however, as long as I'm in this far, I suppose I'll have to go through with it.

BOOTH: Good! (*Herold enters, unseen*)

BOOTH: Now, how are we going to kill him?

HEROLD: Kill who? (*Booth, Payne, and Surratt are surprised*)

BOOTH: Lincoln . . .

HEROLD: Abe Lincoln? THE President? Really!? That sounds exciting!

BOOTH: Yes, Herold, you fool! Lincoln . . .

HEROLD: Am I going to help you? Am I?!

BOOTH: Maybe . . . Let's see, Payne will kill Grant, and I will kill Lincoln.

SURRATT: Just Lincoln and Grant?

BOOTH: No . . . Atzerodt will assassinate Johnson. (*Maid comes in with paper*)

MAID: Here's the paper, sir. Mrs. Surratt thought you might like it.

BOOTH: Thank you, young lady. (*Maid walks out in a daze*) (*Booth reads for a while, suddenly gets surprised look on his face*)

BOOTH: Listen to this, boys . . . "Lieutenant General Grant, President and Mrs. Lincoln have secured the State Box at Ford's Theater, April 14th, to witness Laura Keene's 'Our American Cousin.'" What a perfect time. And we don't have to wait very long either . . . Surratt, you look nervous!

SURRATT: I am nervous—very nervous . . . I need something to brace me up! Come on, Booth, I'll treat you . . .

BOOTH (*Bowing*): Thank you, my good man . . . Now, it's understood we'll meet here on that date.

HEROLD: What date?

BOOTH: The date I just read, you idiot—The 14th of April! (*Payne puts a gun in his belt*) (*Everyone leaves. Mrs. Surratt comes in to clean up*)

MRS. SURRATT: I wish those boys would clean up after themselves . . . (*She leaves and curtain closes*)

ACT I—Scene II

(On stage: Booth, Payne, Atzerodt)

April 14, 1865—Mrs. Surratt's Boarding house

BOOTH (*Looking at watch*): 8:30; Lincoln should be arriving at the theater about now. I wish Herold would

get here . . . (*Payne begins to sight guns*) Now you, Payne, will have Herold take you to the Seward. (*Herold enters and interrupts*)

HEROLD: Sorry I'm late . . . (*Herold sits down*)

BOOTH: As I was saying, you will take Payne to the Seward residence . . .

HEROLD: Me?

BOOTH: Yes, you . . . Atzerodt, you will go to the Johnson's place . . . and I will enter the theater and assassinate Lincoln.

HEROLD: As simple as that?

BOOTH: No—I've arranged to bar the door, and after I kill him, I must jump the ten feet to the stage. The door to the Presidential Box will remain barred to give me time to get away.

ATZERODT: What if there's a guard?

BOOTH: If there is one, I can get to Lincoln's seat anyway—after all, I am not unknown to the public of this city! Then I will make my glorious exit and be off to receive the acclaim of my countrymen.

HEROLD: I meant to ask . . . why isn't Payne going to kill Grant?

BOOTH: If you had been on time, you would know . . . I saw Grant leaving the city—apparently he won't be there . . . so Payne will kill the third highest official—Seward.

HEROLD: I see . . .

BOOTH: It is quite important that the murders occur at as close to 10:15 as possible . . .

HEROLD: Where's Surratt?

BOOTH: (*Irritated*): He had to go to Canada for some reason . . . As I was saying, the murders will occur at the same time. That way, there won't be any soldiers on the lookout, and nobody will be suspecting a killing; or three . . . (*Booth smirks*)

ATZERODT: What will we do afterward?

BOOTH: I was just coming to that. Herold will show Payne the way to the Navy Yard Bridge, make up some excuse for being out late and meet Atzerodt and me on the other side, or on the road to Surrattsville. It's getting pretty late—are you ready, Payne?

PAYNE: Ready!

BOOTH: Atzerodt?

ATZERODT: Yes.

HEROLD: I'm ready, too!

BOOTH: Good luck, friends . . . (*All leave and curtain closes*)

Casual Meeting of Two Citizens, John and Thomas

JOHN: Thomas, Lincoln just died. Now he is gone.

THOMAS: It is bad for he is sorely needed now. Have they caught Booth?

JOHN: So far as I know, he has not been caught. I heard he broke his leg in jumping from the Presidential Box.

THOMAS: I was told the same story. The authorities should catch him soon as he is disabled. I saw Booth in a play once. He was pretty good.

JOHN: I'm really sorry about Lincoln's going. I thought his Reconstruction Program was well thought out and should have worked under his leadership.

THOMAS: I don't want to think about or discuss reconstruction.

JOHN: Just a minute. Because your son was killed during the war, you shouldn't blame the whole South.

THOMAS: Let's not argue. We get nowhere. Now we have Johnson. His friends are few. He will have a hard time with the present Congress. I've been told it has been necessary that Lincoln use a strong hand to keep Wade and his followers, these so-called radicals, under control.

JOHN: So I have heard. It seems much of the trouble stems from their attitude toward the South. They shouldn't have much interference in their plans now. They're clever enough to handle Johnson, don't you think?

THOMAS: Well, I don't know. Johnson may be better than we give him credit for. Give the man a chance. He may be all right.

JOHN: Time will tell. Let's see if the *Gazette* has any new bulletins posted.

ACT II—Scene I

STANTON: Gentlemen, our being together manifests our trust in one another. We must all have felt the urgent need for action. Stevens is not here. He'll be along. Lincoln is gone. Now lost to the ages. At this time it is very convenient for us to start our work on reconstruction.

WADE: Lincoln was warned many times not to venture too far from the White House without a reliable bodyguard, for he did have his share of enemies. But all in all he was a good man. Lately, though, I've noticed that there has been quite a bit of controversy as to whether or not he was doing right by the country. I must say that I shared his views on slavery.

SUMNER: I'm afraid I can't agree with you. I believe that his Emancipation Proclamation was unnecessary. The slaves were happy where they were and when they were set free they had no place else to go. They had no other method of making a living for they were ignorant. I definitely think his ideas on slavery were all wrong.

WADE: So much for Lincoln. Let's consider Johnson and the South. We cannot pamper the South. They are a captive people and dare not allow them to rise again. Andrew Johnson is weak. Under his leadership, the Federal Government will be weak. Do you remember when Lincoln and he were inaugurated? He was intoxicated when he took the oath of office. What can a man like that accomplish?

STANTON: But I'm sure that with a little pressure, Johnson can be taken care of. All this would have been avoided if that half-wit Booth hadn't killed Lincoln in the first place.

SUMNER: But we could have done nothing with a strong conservative like Lincoln. It was as if we had an iron wall in our path. I am sure that his death was all for

the better. (*Stevens limps in—Stanton takes his coat and they both sit down*) (*All greet Stevens who responds to each one*)

STEVENS: Well, gentlemen, I feel that since Lincoln is dead, now is the time to act. With him out of the way we should have a fairly good chance of gaining control of the government. One of his best ideas, though, was the piece for the freeing of the slaves. Those poor people were treated just like animals.

SUMNER: But when they were freed, they had no place to go and no way to make a living. But I am afraid that you are straying from the subject. We must talk about Johnson and decide what to do with him.

STANTON: I'm positively convinced that we will be able to make him see things our way, especially if I remain in the Cabinet. That is the main reason for my staying in the War Department.

MESSENGER: Gentlemen, coffee is now served. What is your pleasure? Would you like to have it here?

STANTON: No, keep it for us. When we have finished our conference, we will be served in the Capital Room.

WADE: Well, to get back to the subject . . . I think that anyone could put anything over on that poor excuse of a man.

SUMNER: I don't like to be the one to always disagree with everyone, but I feel that I should remind you that he has a mind of his own.

WADE: Then why doesn't he use it?

SUMNER: Please let me finish. He is very set in the method with which he is going to run the government. I don't believe that he will be as easy to fool as we all think. (*Wade stands up and pounds on the table as he says*):

WADE: I certainly think that I would make a better President than Johnson. Being President of the Senate puts me next in line for the Presidency. You must realize that.

STANTON: We do, we do. We also see how much you would like to be President, Ben. And we would like to see one of our own kind get into office. But right now he hasn't done anything wrong. Don't you understand that?

WADE: Well—that can easily be taken care of.

STEVENS: Let's go downstairs and get the refreshments. (*All leave*)

ACT II—Scene II

(All four radicals in same tavern room)

Time now is 1867—fall of the year.

STEVENS: Well, my friends, we're going to have to really put our minds to it now. I'm certainly beginning to see that Johnson isn't going to be as easily fooled as we thought.

SUMNER: I know, Stevens. I've said that over and over again but nobody bothered to listen to me as you were all too wrapped up in your own plans for ruling the country. What about you, Stanton?

STANTON: I think that we should be very careful about the way we make our plans or the whole thing may explode in our faces, leaving us with nothing. How do you view this, Ben?

WADE: I think that the main thing for us to do now is think of ways to get him impeached. Many of the Senators would vote against him in a trial because of his views on reconstruction. We will have to find all the evidence that we can showing that he is not a fit President.

SUMNER: That's a splendid idea! I know plenty of people who would vote to impeach him and a few others that could be swayed to our side.

STANTON: Did you know that some people don't think that he's guilty of anything when he tried to get me out of office? The tenure of Office Act clearly states that I cannot be removed from office without the consent of the Senate. I think this is almost sufficient evidence for impeachment in itself. Really, impeachment isn't good enough for a man like that.

STEVENS: I'm almost positive that we can get him convicted, because as far as that goes, we practically have the two-thirds majority vote of the Senate to convict. Now, all we have to do is stick it out long enough to get the conservatives over on our side.

SUMNER: Well, it doesn't seem like we're getting very far at present. Let's leave and come back again tomorrow. Say—2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon?

WADE: That's fine with me. What about you, Thadd?

STEVENS: All right.

STANTON: Settled then. Two o'clock tomorrow. See you then. (*All leave*)

Meeting Between Senator Pomeroy and Senator Sherman

POMEROY: Good day, Senator Sherman.

SHERMAN: And a good day to you, sir.

POMEROY: I didn't expect to see you so soon.

SHERMAN: Nor did I plan to be in Washington at this time. I concluded my business sooner than I had hoped for. How are you and your family?

POMEROY: My family is fine and I trust yours is likewise. I'm glad you are in town. Mrs. Pomeroy and I are having a dinner party tomorrow evening. We'd like very much to have you and Mrs. Sherman be with us.

SHERMAN: We would enjoy that. Unless my wife has made other plans, we shall be with you. Will this be a large group?

POMEROY: Oh, not too large and not too small. I have invited your friend, Ben Butler, who everyone knows is being considered as Secretary of State, and the others who expect to be appointed to Ben Wade's Cabinet.

SHERMAN: Wade must be rather sure of himself to be selecting Cabinet members. I wonder how he can be so sure of Johnson's conviction.

POMEROY: I don't know that he is sure, but Johnson stands little chance of acquittal. Wade wants little delay in action if he should replace him. Tomorrow evening will give all an opportunity to make a good impression. Who knows, maybe we can get a Cabinet post.

SHERMAN: Yes, we must make a good impression. A position in Wade's cabinet would be a great opportunity. Wade is a good man! Johnson will be convicted I'm sure of it! The way Wade is going about the possibility of his being President is not the best, but he's a determined man and will probably benefit the country. Are the radicals sure of Johnson's being convicted? I wonder what they will do if Johnson is acquitted. You know—36 of the Senate members must vote to convict him or the case is dropped.

POMEROY: It's $\frac{2}{3}$ of the Senate members, or, as you say 36. I hear they are sure 12 Democrats and the conservative Senators will vote for acquittal. The Radicals are trying to sway them toward convicting him. There are 34 votes for conviction. There are 12 Republican Senators left.

SHERMAN: Wouldn't 7 of those be enough to save Johnson? (*Said to himself*) But I've heard that 20 of those Republican votes are doubtful. They could be the men to convict Johnson and then Wade would become President!

POMEROY: What's the name of that man that Wade defeated for President of the Senate? (*Hesitates*) Fessenden—that's it. He's an enemy of Wade's and certainly wouldn't want to see Wade as President!

SHERMAN: Enemies or not—Wade seems awfully sure of the Presidency. Already he has chosen Ben Butler as Secretary of his new Cabinet. I'll let you know if we can attend the party. If we can, I certainly plan to be on my toes to make a good impression on the guest. (*Pulling out watch*) Well, (*surprised*) it's later than I thought. I'd better be on my way. Almost time for dinner!

ACT III—Scene I

A few days before final impeachment trial. Tuesday, May 12, 1868.

Divided Stage

Senator Fessenden's Office	Senator Wade's Office
on Left Stage	on Right Stage

(Senator Fessenden and Counselor Curtis are seated looking over papers.)

FESSENDEN: (*Looks up*): The President should arrive any moment. (*Johnson arrives. Both stand until he is seated*)

CURTIS: Now for the business at hand. We must check our forces. (*All look over the papers he holds*)

Right Stage

STEVENS: Now, gentlemen, for our final maneuvers.

WADE: The Presidency is practically mine. Think of it! Me, Ben Wade, President of the Senate, future President of the U.S.

STEVENS: Don't count on it, Ben. We have to get at least 5 of the 11 doubtfuls.

SUMNER: Stevens is right. Let's check over the doubtfuls. There must be something we can do.

Left Stage

JOHNSON: You might say I will be tried by the 11 doubtfuls only.

CURTIS: The Radicals only need 5 of those 11. Fessenden, you are one of those who has not committed himself. What is your stand?

FESSENDEN: I'm not afraid to say I will vote for acquittal. Whether that is right or wrong, I will not chance Ben Wade's being President of these United States. Don't worry about me. You should turn your attention to Ross and the others. They have had a great amount of pressure put upon them.

CURTIS: You have had pressure put on yourself.

FESSENDEN: Yes, Curtis, I have, but not like the others. Pressure on me is not as heavy. A church group prayed that Senator Willey would not make the mistake of voting for acquittal.

JOHNSON: I've heard that a Negro group right here in Washington prayed directly before the Senate that it vote for conviction.

FESSENDEN: That is very true and there have been many other . . . (*A knock at the door sounds. Willey enters, followed by Grimes. Willey lays papers on table and speaks.*)

WILEY: Gentlemen, here are some late bulletins.

Right Stage

WADE: But think of the pressure that has been put upon those Senators. They received telegrams and letters and personal visits from members of their home states demanding that they vote for conviction. That should assure us of their votes.

SUMNER: That is very true, but we should not be too sure of ourselves. I myself have heard that certain religious groups have prayed that he be convicted, but I still feel uncertain.

STEVENS: Where is Stanton? He should be here by now. (*Stanton has arrived and has been recognized by the others*)

Left Stage

WILEY: Gentlemen, that's just a few of the reports. I have just heard that Ross received a telegram from Kansas signed by D. R. Anthony and a thousand others demanding his vote for conviction. When Ross replied that he would vote according to his conscience, Mr. Anthony and his followers appealed to the whole state and wired that Kansas disowned him as she did all perjurers and skunks.

CURTIS: That probably means that he will vote for acquittal.

JOHNSON: Grimes, have you found out anything?

GRIMES: Nothing as important as Willey. But the Union Leagues in Tennessee denounced Fowler for his violation of the trust they had in him. Tell me, has anyone found out anything I haven't heard about?

CURTIS: I think you would be interested to know that several religious groups have been praying for Johnson's conviction.

FESSENDEN: Did you find out anything about Ross?

GRIMES: Not much. He refuses to commit himself in any way but from the tone of his conversation, I think he will vote for the President's acquittal.

CURTIS: Let's look over the information we have on him. There must be some loophole we have missed.

Right Stage

STANTON: Gentlemen, I'm sorry to be late.

WADE: What do you have to report?

STANTON: A Negro church group right here in Washington prayed before the Senate that to vote for conviction was our duty. Another church group demanded that a certain Senator Willey vote for conviction.

SUMNER: I told you I heard that church groups had been praying for conviction.

STEVENS: Do you have any further news?

STANTON: Yes, the Union League in Tennessee denounced Fowler for violating their trust.

WADE: All for the good, but did you find out anything about Ross?

STANTON: He received a second telegram from D. R. Anthony and his thousand followers claiming that he has the following of the whole state. He refers to Ross as a perjurer and a skunk.

WADE: Wonderful, wonderful! Did you find out how he is going to vote?

STANTON: No, he didn't commit himself, but as I talked with him and from his manner and replying to my question, I am confident he is for conviction.

SUMNER: This is a good excuse for a celebration. The treat is mine. (*All leave the stage*)

Left Stage

JOHNSON: While our opponents are praying for conviction, I think we shall pray for acquittal and put our trust in God. (*Curtain*)

Meeting Between Mrs. Van Winkle and Mrs. Grimes.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: (*Comes on stage holding hat in hand and runs her hands through her hair*): "Mr. Senator, how say you? Mr. Senator, how say you? Mr. Senator, how say you?" I'll live happily if I never hear that again. I know Chief Justice Chase has to say it every time, but I've had enough.

MRS. GRIMES: Watch yourself, Mrs. Van Winkle. People are looking.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: I know. All this protocol and dignity a Senator's wife has to observe gets the best of me at times. I wish I could go home for a while. Life is easier there.

MRS. GRIMES: Oh, don't worry. (*Looks at the audience*) There are a lot of people here but I doubt that anyone

would recognize you. Just suppose you were Mrs. Wade. Everyone must know her. I bet she wishes she were back in Jefferson, Ohio, where the farmers gather round in groups in the Public Square. That is their social life. I bet they're saying our Ben is giving those Washington high-ups a hard time. He'll show them. He's our boy.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: How do you suppose Senator Wade ever came from such a small place?

MRS. GRIMES: I don't know. County seat, I guess. He was born in Massachusetts. You know, that little town of Jefferson has a number of important people. William Dean Howells lives there; Joshua R. Giddings, who has fought so for abolition; and even the Minister from Russia has distant cousins in that town.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: Are there Russians in Jefferson?

MRS. GRIMES: Oh no. Don't you know? He's a German. Russia didn't have anybody to send.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: Come to think of it, I've heard that Joshua R. Giddings has an ex-slave living in a small house in his front yard.

MRS. GRIMES: For a dot on the map, that's quite a little town.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: By the way, Mrs. Ross must be conspicuous these days, too. How would you like to be in her place? Why do you suppose Senator Ross holds out on his way of voting?

MRS. GRIMES: You know what I think? He's having the time of his life. I doubt that he ever had this much attention before. He's getting telegrams from all sorts of people—and letters. He's just making the most of it. The longer he holds out, the more important he is.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: I guess that's the answer. Did you notice the Senate boxes look like flower gardens? The Senators' wives are surely dressed up. Poor girls, Washington probably gives them the only opportunity to show their good clothes. It isn't likely they have much opportunity at home.

MRS. GRIMES: What are we talking about? We belong to that group ourselves.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: So we do, so we do. The gallery certainly is filled and there is a number of people standing. There must be at least 500 or more. Someone said there were more than 1,500 here this afternoon.

MRS. GRIMES: It is an orderly crowd.

MRS. VAN WINKLE: It almost has to be. Nearly everyone has a tally entering the votes.

MRS. GRIMES: It is a good thing Ross comes toward the end of the alphabet. Ross should be called on soon, and we don't want to miss him. I sincerely hope he is with us for acquittal. (*Pauses a moment*) Oh, my poor husband! I hope all goes well with him and nothing happens. 'Tis but two days since he had his stroke. Tears came to my eyes as he was being carried into the Senate Chamber by those four men. We've been fortunate to have escaped a lot of dull routine so far.

TOGETHER: We'd better return to the Senate boxes.

ACT III—Scene II

Impeachment trial is in session—Senate Chamber. Salmon P. Chase presiding.

CHASE: Senator Patterson of New Hampshire. Mr. Senator, how say you? Is Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty as charged?

SENATOR: Guilty.

CHASE: Senator Pomeroy. Mr. Senator, how say you? Is Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty as charged?

POMEROY: Guilty.

CHASE: Senator Ramsey. Mr. Senator, how say you? Is Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty as charged?

RAMSEY: Guilty.

CHASE: Senator Ross. Mr. Senator, (*hesitates*) how say you? Is Andrew Johnson, president of the United States, guilty or not guilty as charged?

ROSS: Not Guilty. (*A large commotion arises—various Senators and spectators are speaking*)

CROWD: Traitor! Traitor! He can't do this! Etc., etc., etc. (*A reporter appears, going to Ross*)

REPORTER: Senator Ross, that took courage. What are your plans?

ROSS: Well, they certainly can't include politics. I suppose I'll return to Kansas and go into private business.

REPORTER: Excuse me, I think I see President Johnson arriving. (*Starts to walk over to Johnson*)

CHASE: The vote is 35 to 19 to impeach. President Andrew Johnson is acquitted of this charge lacking $\frac{2}{3}$ vote of the Senate.

SENATOR (*Jumping up*): I move the trial be postponed to a later date without delay.

CHASE: The motion is not in order. I want the Journal to read that the President, Andrew Johnson, is acquitted of all charges. (*Commotion*)

REPORTER (*Reaches Johnson*): Congratulation, Mr. President. You have won a victory.

JOHNSON: Thank you, but the victory belongs to the country and the Constitution, not me. (*Chase beckons Ross to come to the podium*)

CHASE: Senator, I would rather be in your place now than in any other office the American people could bestow. (*Addressing assembly*) As presiding officer of this august body, I hereby declare that President Andrew Johnson

now and forever be absolved from and free from any stigma attached to the charge of impeachment.

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The Stoeckel genealogy contains the name of Baron Edoard de Stoeckel, who was related to George Stoeckel of Jefferson, Ohio, grandfather of Miss Bess Meaney. The Stoeckel home in Jefferson, Ohio, was on the same street as that of Benjamin F. Wade and next to that of William Dean Howells. Joshua R. Giddings housed Charlie Gorklick, an ex-slave, in a small one-room law office adjacent to the street in front of his home.

—Emerson Junior High School, Lakewood, Ohio

VII. Lincoln's Lesson for Today

As young people read the story of Lincoln, study his speeches and writings, they see again and again implications for today from what transpired so many decades ago. It is appropriate that the final section of this book should be devoted to the message that youth sees in Lincoln's life and writings. The speeches, essays, themes, poems, scripts, that follow attest over and over to the seriousness with which young people view the world today, and the desire they have to serve as citizens in seeking solutions to the problems that beset us.

IF LINCOLN WERE ALIVE TODAY

Many a time I have wondered what it would be like if Lincoln were alive today and President of our United States. Would he be able to change the strong Segregationists of the South into peaceful Integrationists? Would he be shocked by the rise in crime, especially by the juvenile record? Would he be pleased by seeing the thousands of children receiving the kind of education he may have dreamed of? Would he be dismayed at the physical softness of so many of today's young people? Would he be amazed at the ever-advancing quest into space and the yet-unknown beyond? Would he be humbled at seeing the Lincoln Memorial and the many other monuments erected in his honor? Would he be alarmed by the almost constant state of panic in world affairs? Would he be saddened by the apparent disregard of human rights and feelings shown in the Communist way of life? The answers to these questions, I firmly believe, would be unvarying if we would search the heart and mind of one of the greatest men of all times—Abraham Lincoln. His creed was a simple one of love towards all men linked with a sympathetic understanding of all nations and peoples. If the world were fortunate enough to have Abraham Lincoln alive today, I am sure it would be a much better and a more peaceful home, not only for us Americans, but for all people of all nations.

Jane Andrews, Providence High School, Chicago, Ill.

OUR HERITAGE

It is the 20th century; the place is a subdivision in Anywhere, U.S.A.

A happy, shouting group of exuberant teenagers in a shiny red convertible drive up in front of a neat ranch house and toot the car horn impatiently. The door of the house swings open and out runs another teen, her ponytail bobbing and her sloppy shoes clicking on the walk.

She jumps into the car, and off they go laughing and talking down to the neighborhood soda shop for an evening of gaiety and fun.

This typical scene is a teenagers' heritage, for he did not merit this enjoyment himself. But how did this heritage come into being? Who gave these bubbling beings the right to have sporty cars and fancy soda shops? Let us find out by looking back in time at another teenager.

It is the 19th century; the place is a little log cabin in Salem, Ill. He sits alone in a dimly lit room straining his eyes over a book. He is very tired for he has spent most of his day out in the dense woods chopping and splitting logs for fences. He will stay up reading and studying until his candle flickers out or his mother gently reminds him to go to bed. Finally he does, only to awake to the same routine again the next day.

He does not complain; he does not think that he is being treated unjustly. In fact, he considers himself very lucky. His life is one of constant search for knowledge and freedom. At this moment he could not tell you that he would one day do great things and would become one of the greatest men in history. He could not tell you that he would become President of the United States and free the slaves through his Proclamation of Emancipation. Nor would he say that he would be the model of honesty and truth for all who followed after him.

Yes, Abraham Lincoln's life was full—not in receiving, but in giving. He gave so much that he died for us on April 14, 1865. He made possible our cars, our soda shops, and our freedom. Truly this man, Abraham Lincoln, is our American Heritage!

Sharon Ann Weber, St. Marks' High School, St. Louis, Mo.

LINCOLN'S DREAM OF PEACE

Abraham Lincoln holds a strange, almost an enigmatic, appeal for poets and for would-be composers of verse. This extraordinary man, governed by an unquenchable compassion for mankind, revived hopes for the eventual salvation of the lost souls who inhabit this earth. In his great tenderness, Lincoln was unable to believe that the world would always be rent with strife and chaos. The Civil War, rather than embitter Lincoln toward those who reviled him, only increased his devotion to the divine gift of peace.

Were Lincoln alive today, the empathetic sorrow revealed in his common features would be apparent once more. He would find the world much as he has left it: divided between two strong, uncompromising powers. If Lincoln were not entirely discouraged by the familiar

spectacle of man fighting man, he would leave us a few words of wisdom tempered with mercy.

The words would be a plea to all of mankind to lay down their arms, both physical and spiritual, in favor of brotherhood. Lincoln fully realized that no man could live independently of all other men, and he would certainly desire that mid-20th-century man be apprised of this truth. Perhaps, if he once more walked this sad earth, Lincoln's message would at last be heeded.

Judy Anderson, 11th Grade, Edina-Morningside High School, Edina, Minn.

SHADOW

There is a shadow on a page in history.
It is of Abe Lincoln, the man.

The shadow, long and slim,
Stretches its black into the hearts
Of soldiers, waiting in khaki pants.

The shadow slides again
Into the memories of children,
Children with toy guns and bayonets.

The shadow reaches out
And falls upon history; and she is blessed
With the tall and skinny presence of the shadow.

There is a shadow on a page in history,
(Mistake—the shadow is indelible upon
the entire volume.)

Roberta Mueller, Taft High School, Chicago, Ill.

Lincoln's concern for others serves as an example for us to follow today. As American citizens, we should be willing to aid those less fortunate whenever possible. One reason is that we, the people of the world are entirely interdependent. Another reason is that cooperation, which is a form of humanitarianism in practice, produces better results. This cooperation or joint fellowship toward the acquisition of a common goal may be exemplified in the field of sports. Teamwork is a necessity in a sport like football or basketball. Moreover, a team in which every man plays for his own glory has far less potential than one in which there is a spirit of cooperation among the players. However, this idea by no means pertains entirely to the world of sports. In modern science cooperation is also necessary to bring about the desired results more quickly and accurately.

In the society in which we live we actually help ourselves by helping others; but, this should be a result and not a motive. Helping others to help oneself, however, is not the only reason to practice humanitarianism. It is also a matter of the moral responsibility of all mankind. The Bible states in verse 10 of the sixth chapter of Galatians: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men. . . ." The phrase, "As we have therefore opportunity" does not mean on an occasion when we feel like it or when it is to our own advantage, but it does have reference to any time when it is within our means. The "all men" in this verse refers to those who are materially above us, equal to us, and below us. To carry out the command fully, all prejudice against race, color, and ideals must be completely eliminated. There-

fore, contrary to Cain's belief, we are our brother's keeper.

In helping all men, we build strong men, and in building strong men, we establish a greater nation which is able to work harmoniously for a common purpose—whatever it may be. Therefore, we of the 20th century must take up the responsibilities lying before us as did Abraham Lincoln, the great humanitarian, in his day.

Paul Weisbach, Whitehall Junior-Senior High School, Hokendauqua, Pa.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PRESIDENT

"It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced." The immortal words of Abraham Lincoln have much meaning in our time.

The United States is a great, strong and prosperous nation. It took many minds and much work to make it what it is. It surely will take much to make it better, to continue the creative work of pioneers, to preserve victories of the soldiers of democracy. Before we do so we must realize the great need for interest, cooperation and sacrifice of all the people of good will. We must realize that dollars alone cannot secure the happiness and growth of the nation. We must learn that spiritual and moral values are much more important. We must study the past to avoid present mistakes. The interest of each individual will promote future success. The "unfinished work" of which Lincoln spoke lies before us.

Americans are one of many in the family of nations. It is necessary to understand that America's security and growth depends upon the solutions of the entire world. Its present position presents the opportunity to proceed in finishing the great work. We must understand that eyes of the people are directed on what the U.S.A. does, says, and thinks. We must learn that freedom is a priceless treasure, worthy of our every effort and sacrifice. Millions of people suffer under the pressure of Communism and look to us for relief. We cannot stand back, and count our blessings, at the expense of our suffering brothers. Our entire life should be directed toward Lincoln's idea of freedom for all, love of all, happiness for all. The challenge is great and the price is high. But remembering our precursors we should courageously and firmly fight for the ideals that Lincoln so strongly advocated. We should follow his wise counsel. Work and good will, with the help of God, will lead us to the end of the "work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced." We should be like Lincoln.

"He held his place—Held the long purpose
like a growing tree

Held on through blame and faltered not at
the price."—*Edwin Markham*.

Romualda Czujka, St. Ladislaus High School, Detroit, Mich.

LINCOLN—THE MATURE PERSONALITY

Undoubtedly there has been no American who has done as much as Abraham Lincoln to point up the basic American liberty of equality of opportunity and to guarantee that liberties such as this would survive in a tension-ridden modern world.

If we ask ourselves, then, whether Lincoln really was a mature personality we are led to conclude that, by dint of his immense humanitarianism and devotion, he must be the most nearly perfect personification of maturity. But Lincoln lived 150 years ago. We are therefore led to ask whether Lincoln's qualities of maturity would be enduring and universally acceptable in the twentieth century.

In order to answer this question it is necessary to first determine just what a mature personality of the modern day is and then to compare and see how closely this arbitrary norm approaches Lincoln's ideas and attitudes of maturity.

Psychologically the mature personality is a single human character that has reached the highest stage of development of his particular mental level. Ideologically he is one of thosefortunates who has managed to strike closest to the golden mean in all his intellectual, emotional, and social pursuits.

The human mind and personality can develop along one or both of two divergent lines of force. On the one the forces of theoretical and applied science, technology, abstractionism, and theology seek to form a personality devoted to objective striving in the stimulating and rewarding fields of making and doing. This is intellectual maturity. On the other the immeasurable strength of social pressure and community experiences relentlessly drive the individual toward excellence in his ability to live with people on a tolerable and mutually satisfying basis. This is emotional maturity. Each of these means of expression, both intellectual and emotional development of character, are incapable of existing without the other. Man must have both to be a truly mature personality. He can never pick that one which suits him best or is easiest to assume.

Creative ability heads the list of those talents needed to achieve intellectual maturity. Unfortunately, creative ability, now synonymous with thinking, today assumes the function of grasping things quickly so as to be able to manipulate them successfully. Furthered by widespread and efficient education, this leads to a high degree of technical ability, but not of understanding. For manipulative purposes, all that is necessary to know is the surface feature of things, the superficial. The truth, to be uncovered by penetrating to the essence of phenomena, has become an obsolete concept. This is so in the prescientific sense of "absolute" truth, dogmatically maintained without reference to proofs, and also in the sense of truth attained by man's reason applied to his observations and open to revisions. Thus the maturing personality must know the difference between knowledge and understanding, and attempt to acquire the latter.

Intelligence is basic to maturity, but unless its mental fancies can be turned into concrete entities for the benefit of everyone, it is useless.

Productiveness is man's ability to use his aptitudes and to realize the potentialities inherent in him. Productiveness is an attitude toward life which every human being is capable of, unless he is mentally and emotionally crippled.

Thus the mature personality is capable of relating himself to the world by perceiving it as it is and by conceiving it enlightened and enriched by his own abilities.

Emotionally, the maturing mind needs to develop individuality above all else to consider itself truly mature. But too often man's individuality, that which is peculiar and unique in him, is valueless ballast in our modern society. The meaning which the word peculiar has assumed is quite expressive of this attitude. Instead of denoting the greatest achievement of man—that of having developed his individuality—it has become almost synonymous with "queer." The word "equality" has also had its meaning changed. The idea that all men are created equal implied that all men have the same fundamental right to be considered as individuals. Today equality has become equivalent to interchangeability, and is the very negation of individuality. When a businessman thinks of his equal today, he thinks of the person who can best take over his position in the firm without disturbing the smoothly oiled wheels of the corporation's functioning. Equality meant the same as difference, but it has become synonymous with "indifference" and, indeed, indifference is exactly what the mature personality must overcome in his relationship to others. Certainly the concern that one's fellow man may be free to develop his own personal talents is the greatest single mark of maturity.

We can safely conclude, then, that Abraham Lincoln, whose creative talent stands so strongly in the terse words of the Gettysburg Address, whose productivity was capable of meeting the myriad problems of a Civil War, and whose concern for all men's right to live a distinct, separate, and private life as immortalized in the Emancipation Proclamation, was truly a mature personality whose ideals we might do well to review in seeking our own maturity.

Marvin W. Klotz, Whitehall Junior-Senior High School, Hokendauqua, Pa.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

STUDENT: As we all know, Mr. Lincoln, ever since your childhood your name has stood for honesty and justice in government. Since your opinions are universally respected, we are anxious to know your views on some of our present day political masters.

LINCOLN: My candid opinion is that many, too many, of our political leaders are interested only in themselves rather than in the good of the common people. There are too few political kings who have the courage to voice their opinions in strict accord with the long-forgotten principles of honesty and integrity that were characteristic of our Founding Fathers. Some political leaders are seeking only wealth and position, and too often the trust that is placed in them by the people becomes an overwhelming temptation to which the weaker succumb. The trust of the people is a sacred thing. Today many people complain of the unworthy officials who are elected to important offices. But who elected them? People should realize that the strength of a democracy depends on the ballot which each one has the privilege of casting. So let the citizen vote intelligently for a God-fearing man who will respect the principles of honesty and integrity. Such a man will act according to his conscience in spite of any high-pressure opposition.

STUDENT: Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for your excellent advice. If our present and future politicians will take your advice to heart and follow it, will we possibly have any fear of being overcome by any pagan country led by a dictator?

Patricia Whalen, Providence High School, Chicago, Ill.

A committee of three students, with the help of their teacher-librarian, prepared a program of tableau, songs, and the spoken word entitled "Youth and Abraham Lincoln," Platt R. Spencer High School, Geneva, Ohio. The stage showed a tableau of the Brady photograph of Lincoln with his son Tad. There was a verse choir on one side and a reader and narrator on the other. The excerpt below indicates the message Lincoln has for the youth of today:

LINCOLN: "You talk about me as if I am dead. I'm not, you know. The dust of ages nor the weight of the stone memorial they built for my tomb in Springfield—neither has stopped my voice or my need for laughter or my tears. I speak to you from this photograph made of Tad and me at Brady's studio, February 9, 1864. I speak my thoughts as I remember them, as I lived them, as they stretched my very bone and fiber, as they pushed the boundaries of my mind outward and sometimes broke my heart. I speak thoughts that others since have *thought* I thought, and some of them were right or partly right. That lank Swede, Mr. Sandburg, for instance, with his hair hanging in his eyes and features rough as mine—how he exaggerated some last February 12 when he stood up in Congress and talked about me . . .

"But I've something on my mind that needs repeating: 'Nations are renewed from the bottom, not the top. . . .' Those are Woodrow Wilson's words but my idea exactly. You see, it's the *young* folks I think about. If *they're* right then the nation can't go far wrong and neither can the world. Just let me have a chance to answer some of *their* questions the way I feel is right (*turns to verse choir*): I've got a lot of confidence in you young folks. You over there—what's bothering you?"

VERSE CHOIR, VOICE 6: "Mr. Lincoln, you lived in times when boys like us went off to war. Well, we have a 'cold war' and universal military training that requires us to serve our time in the armed forces. And our lives are upset, too. We have to put off college, career, marriage. What do you say about this?"

LINCOLN: "I hear a lot of talk today about *security*. There's no such thing as security except the kind you have inside yourself. Why, times have *always* been hard and uncertain. 'Let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear. . . . Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.' After all, *I* never had a policy, you know. *Could* never have one. So I simply tried to do what seemed best each day as each day came." . . .

VOICE 2: "Mr. Lincoln, life today is so mixed up. It seems as if we have a lot more problems than you did. Yet

you had the integration question, too, and the war over saving the Union. Can you help us to figure out what's right for us to do?"

LINCOLN: "I don't know about 'a *lot* more' problems. I guess people have always had plenty of problems. We live in a democracy and this sums up my feelings about that: "As I would not be a slave so I would not be a master." This expresses my idea of democracy—What-ever differs from this, to the extent of the difference is no democracy. Our defense is in the preservation of the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere. And when things really get bad, don't forget to laugh. Laugh with others. It's pretty dull pleasure to laugh alone! And laugh at yourself. *I always* had plenty of reason . . . Guess those few words I said at Gettysburg sort of sum up my feelings on a lot of things. Let's see now if I can remember. . . ."

VERSE CHOIR: *Address spoken reverently, yet challengingly, while "Tenting Tonight" is hummed softly as background for choir, then words sung wistfully once through at conclusion of address.*)

TRUMPETER: "Taps." Lincoln freezes back into position in picture frame with Tad beside him. "Taps" through full volume once, then again as echo while verse choir softly repeats:

VERSE CHOIR: ". . . With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in. . . ."

Prepared by a committee composed of Frank Hands (10th grade), general chairman; Carolyn Krasowski (11th grade); and Peggy Griffith (11th grade)

The fact that many modern young people take their education for granted, when compared to the struggle Lincoln had to attain any kind of education, was an important lesson for today's youth:

YOUTH SEES ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln in my visualization was a friend of the American people and a shining example to the youth of today; a man who stands in history by the side of George Washington, the Father of our Country and who believed education to be the most important subject which we the people could engage in.

Abraham Lincoln's boyhood shows his desire to have an education and how he accomplished it to a certain extent. To have an education in his estimation was most important. The young people of today do not realize this. They think school is a place for fun but without education they would be lost in the world like a little boy lost from his mother.

Today schooling is much easier to receive than in Lincoln's day. Lincoln once said that his entire schooling put together would make about one year. Everyone nowadays is required by law to attend school until 16 years of age.

Mary Joyce Urben, St. Gregory High School, Detroit, Mich.

WHAT LINCOLN MEANS TO ME

To me Lincoln is democracy, liberty and equality, all so easily taken for granted now. But when I think that Lincoln gave his life for these principles, then the enormity of their greatness dawns on me.

He is an incentive for learning. I think of how many opportunities we have that he never had, yet I recall how hard he tried to get as much schooling as possible. We students sit in school every day, some ungrateful, others not caring, and yet others who do care and try. What would he think if he saw us? Most of us would have to hang our heads in shame.

Then I wonder what he would have done about the many oppressions which Negroes still suffer today. Would he think that all his efforts, his life, had been in vain? Yet all we do is sit and talk.

If he would look at the world today and see all the dishonesty and distrust in nations, he would weep! He, who was so honest and charitable.

Yes, when I look at this beautiful land, I truly know what he means to me, for Lincoln is the spirit of America.

Lore Giesler, St. Mary's Springs Academy, Fond du Lac, Wis.

WILL WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE?

To study or not to study? This is the question in the minds of millions of American teenagers. To Lincoln, as a boy, this was not a question. Lincoln wanted to learn. He was curious about many things. He was especially interested in words. Carl Sandburg says, "He was hungry to understand the meanings of words."

Even though today's younger generation has opportunities unheard of in Lincoln's time, they do not always make use of them. Abe Lincoln, on the contrary, made constructive use of every spare moment. Occasionally, however, this got him into a little trouble because when he was supposed to be working he would be found lying under a tree reading.

The schools which Lincoln attended weren't very good because the teachers only required their students to know something about the "three R's." With less than 2 years of formal schooling it can be easily seen that Lincoln must have done some hard studying on his own to become the man he did.

Today's children have the finest of schools complete with materials and equipment, which Lincoln would have used to good advantage. Among these are libraries containing what Lincoln wanted most—books. Without a doubt, he would have made use of the public speaking courses which are offered in the senior high school.

Abraham Lincoln's life shows the youth of today that the will to learn is more important than the finest educational facilities. This man, whose only schooling was in a small one-room school, wrote when he was a resident of the White House, "I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here just as my father's child has."

Catherine Roberts, Edgar Fahs Smith Junior High School, York, Pa.

The Emancipation Proclamation with its subsequent significance for the realization of democratic equality has a great deal of significance to many young people, as the poems and other selections below indicate:

THE MAN IS LINCOLN

A figure, gaunt and grim
A giant—of minds and men
With massive hands and thoughtful brow
He sits in marble chair emblazoned for all time.

His shadow falls on granite walls
In quiet church yards, parks, and lanes
In history books, beyond all names, it
Falls across the pages of the years.

Liberty! Equal Rights!
His cry for his Negro brothers
Resounded through the nights;
Pervaded the days . . . his ways.
Is our call today not his?
Liberty! Equal Rights!
Men have risen to all heights proclaiming echoing his
very words.

His shadow slips across the years
Its mark still firm—unwavering
Its outline stamped on honesty, equality and love.

The man is Lincoln

Jane Bacon, Marymount School, Arlington, Va.

TIMES OF DECISION

He sat down wearily at his desk. It was very, very late. He stared at his hands and thought: It is I who must mold my country. How can I make this decision? What is the right decision?

He had, in 1849, introduced an Anti-Slavery Bill. Congress had not passed it, and now the South had seceded from the Union. He sighed. Suddenly his eyes lit up. He would not stand for slavery. All people were equal! He believed it with his whole heart. But suddenly his eyes became dull. The unheeding South, and, indeed, many of the Northerners didn't agree with him.

He pushed back his chair and leaned on his desk for a few moments, gathering his thoughts. He began to pace the room. And in his heart he knew the only answer, the only way. It would mean bloodshed—brother against brother, father against son. But he had no choice.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, picked up his pen and wrote. Abraham Lincoln declared war on the Confederate States of America.

As the war progressed, President Lincoln grew sad and discouraged. One could see it in his eyes. He read of the many that were killed, and he whispered, "What will the people say?"

The South surrendered in 1865. Lincoln was glad his cause had won, but he knew that the country had suffered terrible losses. Nobody ever wins a war.

Five days after the war ended, Lincoln was assassinated. The great leader was dead.

Now we stand silently before the awe-inspiring statue of Lincoln. As we gaze at the statue's solemn face, we wonder. Are the ideals of Lincoln being carried out? Lincoln can never know. But we know. Did thousands die in vain? Are all men truly equal?

We cannot forget Lincoln and the ideals he fought for. We must bring them into reality.

Sue Lau, 9th grade, Edgar Fahs Smith Junior High School, York, Pa.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

To him who freed the souls of slaves,
And helped them as they wept,
To him who prayed for Johnny Rebs,
And Yankees as they met,
We thank you, Mr. Lincoln.

To him whose heart had known no bounds,
Where his country was involved,
To him who would not let the union
Be dissolved,
We thank you, Mr. Lincoln.

To him who wept with mothers,
From the south and from the north,
To him who spoke at Gettysburg,
And sent his wisdom forth,
We thank you, Mr. Lincoln.

To him who through his courage
And his honest, forthright way
Has made the wondrous U.S.A.
What it is today,
We thank you, Mr. Lincoln.

Mary Joanne Lilla, grade 10, Cotter High School,
Winona, Minn.

LINCOLN—CREATOR AND EMANCIPATOR

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, henceforward, and forever free.

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

No one can fail to realize the world-shaking importance of these several historic lines from Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, but are we able to appreciate the agonies of indecision, the sleepless nights, and the pressing worries that Lincoln must have experienced while making his decision for the freedom of the slaves?

Consider for a moment Lincoln as a person. Certainly he was very brave, brave in the sense that he did not try to evade his responsibilities of guiding our young nation through a time of crisis, or fear to uphold his ideas of human justice. He was a man with an independent spirit and strong will, shown by the fact that he

worked well with his cabinet and officers, yet did not become overly dependent upon them as a weaker man might have. The name of Abraham Lincoln will live through the ages as one who helped to create, out of the perils of civil war, a strong union that provided the key to our country's growth and prosperity.

But, we may think, Lincoln was born a hundred and fifty years ago, a time when there were almost boundless opportunities free for the taking. Well, the situation has not changed in that respect since Lincoln's time. What has changed is perhaps the spirit of we, the people.

Take, for example, a young man fresh out of school who is searching for his place in the world. Perhaps he has ideas of starting his own business, devoting all of his time and energy to it to make it the success he believes it can be. But he is offered a position with a large corporation, a chance for advancement and best of all—security. Which will he choose?

He will most likely go to work for the big business firm. There he will learn how to advance himself by making the right friends, saying the accepted things, and adjusting himself suitably to his environment—all this for that all important goal these days—security.

What is so precious about security? Why is a smooth, untroubled life so important to us? The pages of history show that soon after the great civilizations of the world reached these goals they slowly began their downhill slides to destruction!

The nation that is always restless, constantly seeking a better, stronger way of life, and whose people are filled with the creative spirit that is not afraid to open the door when opportunity knocks, that is the nation that will grow and prosper.

Can the creative spark be rekindled in the hearts of our people? The answer is a most emphatic yes!

Surely our society can stretch its lazy imagination.

Originality of thought will develop when we cease to scoff at youthful individualism and enthusiasm.

Our schools can help to provide new, fresh thoughts by avoiding dull, routine, time-consuming tasks, because often a child's creative ideas are pushed aside by planned activities supervised by well-meaning adults.

Each one of us has within ourselves the free, creative spirit so admired in Abraham Lincoln, which will deepen and enrich our lives. We have only to discover it for ourselves, apply a reasonable amount of self-discipline, and set our best foot forward. Nothing can equal the thrill of satisfaction experienced when one regards something he has done or created with his own hands.

Fortunately there are a few pioneers left today. Consider the group of people who left their homes in Detroit, this March, to build new lives in Alaska. Certainly they possess the qualities of Abraham Lincoln—brave and free, independent and creative. In fact, there are opportunities all around us. All we have to do is take advantage of them.

But many older people have the tendency to laugh at or discourage the dreams of youth. How would these people have reacted had they been told that a tall, lanky, even ugly, young man splitting fence rails would someday be recognized as a brilliant and famous statesman?

If we look to the future with an unlimited imagination, and work hard for what we really want, we can recapture the bold pioneer spirit of Lincoln's day.

Mary Anne Nevins, Whitehall Junior-Senior High School, Hokendauqua, Pa.

Numerous graduation exercises were developed in celebration of the Lincoln Sesquicentennial. It seems fitting to close this portion of the volume devoted to student materials with several of these graduation addresses. In the words of Ken Kirk, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.

As we graduate tonight, from one world to another, from boys into men, students into citizens, it is evident that, in this complex life today, we need to look to great men for guidance. Such a man has been chosen as our example to guide us here gathered tonight: "Lincoln, The Man of the People."

LINCOLN'S QUEST

I would like to take you back 150 years and have you share the following scene:

Nancy's 10-year-old cousin Dennis Hanks was there, and the events of the morning burned themselves sharply into his memory. "Mother got flustered," he recalled later, "an' hurried up her work to go over an' look after the little feller. But I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin. Nancy was laying there in a pole bed lookin' purty happy. Tom'd built up a good fire and throwed a b'ar skin over the kivers to keep 'em warm. . . . Mother came over an' washed him, an' put a yaller flannen petti-coat an' a linsey shirt on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey for Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nursin' either of 'em got."

Thus, a little over one hundred-fifty years ago, one of the greatest men the world has ever known was born. He was everybody, grown a little taller. His name—Abe Lincoln.

I feel the way in which I have told of his birth would have pleased Abe, for he loved these common expressions—"The short and simple annals of the poor." Of course later on he developed, as the occasion necessitated, an eloquent and rhythmic writing style. But beneath it remained the humble and honest man, a man whose whole life was a quest for something nobler and finer.

There are many of us present here tonight that feel that we need someone to counsel us through the coming few years. And this is the man. Lincoln was particularly well equipped, through both his words and his actions, to speak to future generations—to us.

I think that we should attempt to know him as a friend, for he would want it so. What kind of friend? One with the power to attract others, and yet remain himself afterwards. And what was he himself? It is chronicled that the one difference between him and other men was dedication. This lifeblood flowed through the various veins of his life's endeavors and strengthened him to surmount all obstacles. You all know his precious examples of forthrightness and courage and honesty. There

can be no error in somewhat fashioning our lives after such a man.

However, these Lincoln-like ideals that I am speaking of cannot add finesse to a life devoid of meaning purpose.

More important than any vague threat of a final human war, at this time, is boredom; that is, boredom with life. I might impress this truth on you by asking you what you experience at the end of a week. I have a feeling that there are a very select and happy few who can take a few hours out and recall that they have actually accomplished something—something that makes them inwardly happy to have done it. A caution: not because of the remuneration they received for it, but because they have done it.

There is nothing, I am sure, which helps man so much to survive and stay sound as the knowledge of a meaningful life. In preparing this speech, I came across a quotation of the great German philosopher Nietzsche: "He who knows a why of living surmounts almost everything." This so to speak, is the essence of every man's quest.

And you may be sure, that, regardless of your present station, your life, lived to its fullest, will pay off both here on earth and in the heaven you have been promised.

We find in Lincoln's life a forceful example of the theme I have just expounded. He lived a life dedicated to his country's service, and performed the supreme duty as President, an office for which he had no preparation or preconception of the authority it wielded. We can simply say that he made the most from the least, and know that his life so well depicted the great American saga, the transition from log cabin to White House, that we have said of him: "In this temple, as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever."

When you leave here tonight, I would hope that you carry with you two thoughts: one of a man, endowed with courage, nobility, and innate wisdom, a man who lived his life to the fullest with malice toward none, and charity for all. The second thought is merely this: man's concern about a meaning in life is the truest expression of the state of being human.

William A. Nagle, Whitehall Junior-Senior High School, Hokendauqua, Pa.

GRADUATION SPEECH: FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March fourth, 1861, a large crowd gathered in front of the Capitol to hear Mr. Lincoln deliver his First Inaugural Address. Today, there are few who are familiar with Lincoln's First National Speech. At that time the entire country waited tensely to hear the words of this newly elected President.

From this surprisingly nonaggressive speech came the spirit of unity that prevails today. Even though President Lincoln in his speech gave no cause for either of the parties at that time to begin a war, the South, in their anger, mistook the speech for a declaration of war.

Through the First Inaugural Address and the war that followed, the United States gained many valuable experiences. As Lincoln once said, "Physically speaking, we

cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other nor build an impassable wall between them."

The United States could not be half a country. Our States are dependent on each other for raw materials, food, trading, transportation, and protection.

Each and everyone of us is affected by the happenings in other States as other States are affected by ours. A frost in Florida or a drought in New Jersey may cause our food prices to go up. An airline strike in New York may result in a stoppage of flights in Philadelphia.

With the advent of television, people have become interested in the United States in general and in worldwide affairs. No longer are they interested in just community and State affairs. United States citizens discuss foreign policy; they see national campaigns for primary elections; and it disturbs them to hear of the starving people in the overpopulated countries of the East.

We say these are unimportant. Well, what about the big problems? How can we get up out of our beds in the morning feeling safe, secure, and unafraid? We are all protected by our nationwide defense.

We have scientists working for us in the areas of military defense and public health; supported by the National Government of plants and research labs working for the Government. We all benefited from the polio vaccine.

Just think what state we would be in if the American States were not united? If Lincoln had not saved the Union?

At this present time, we are united as one country. Our country is the protector of our rights against the world's evils. It is a bond of States proudly waving a flag of 50 stars.

In the prophetic words of this great address, Lincoln alludes to the fact that we had to be united to become prosperous and powerful. This could not be done by individual, hostile, bickering countries, but by one friendly unit made up of many divisions working together for each other under the hand of God.

Eleanor Smith, Chichester Joint Schools, Boothwyn, Pa.

GRADUATION SPEECH: SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The final speech of a very judicious man is the simplest way I can define the Second Inaugural Address of Abraham Lincoln. No one will ever know the exact thoughts that went through the mind of this humble man as he strove to write this Address. His words had to be chosen carefully for tempers ran high at the climax of our Civil War.

Many historians will say that a lot of wisdom went into that document. They are very right, for wisdom along with a great respect for people went into it. It can truly be said that the magnanimity of Lincoln as a man was herein stated. Some thought that for so grave a time Lincoln did not say enough, but what he did say is still remembered.

Of all the many matters Lincoln briefly discussed in this speech, one phrase still remains with us. He quoted these lines very slowly, so as to emphasize the great sig-

nificance of his words. That phrase is, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

How often these words are reechoed every day of our lives. Some interpret this statement to mean love everyone and hate no one. Of course, it is impossible to love everyone all the time; if we could we would probably be too pure to live in this world. I choose rather to think that he was urging them and us to be constantly striving to reach his goal. That, of a warm, yet sympathetic understanding in a time of crisis. In the whole history of the world people have never needed this love and understanding quite as much as they do today. A word of kindness given at a time when it is needed is never forgotten. That is probably why this one phrase from the whole speech is still remembered.

We today as a nation send diplomats, ambassadors and other representatives to different parts of the world with the hope that they will gain the respect and loyalty of various foreign nations for the United States. How can we win any propaganda battles or win their respect without striving to reach Lincoln's goal in our own land?

As we now go to take our places in the world, let us take a great deal of Lincoln with us, by learning to revere and enjoy our fellow man. Many of us will not find it easy to live by the standards of a man to whom love and respect for others came only through his endless efforts to attain them. If we are to achieve these goals in our own lives, it will be in the same way . . . through our continuous efforts.

Judith Clayton, Chichester Joint Schools, Boothwyn, Pa.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY—COMMENCEMENT SPEECH

Patriotism means many things to many people. Academically it is the loyal support of a country, morally it is the defense of a country at home or abroad, and spiritually it is a faithful reference to a land and its heritage.

The officers of this Senior Class have chosen as their topic for commencement—Patriotism. We have selected this for many reasons. In 1957 Congress designated the year 1959 as the Lincoln Sesquicentennial. Recently two new States have been admitted, requiring a change in our Nation's flag. Also, we feel that there is a need for a rebirth of patriotism in the United States.

Abraham Lincoln once said: "We cannot escape history."

The members of this graduating class feel that the shadows of past events lie across our very lives and that the shadows of future events are even now falling across our age.

Today's newspapers tell us of many problems of the past, the present, and even of the future:

Segregation—one phase in Lincoln's time, another problem today; *Juvenile delinquency*—a growing fire in a dry forest; *Hcalth*—the endless conquest of disease; *Conquering of space*—with its race for the moon and control of the universe; *Education*—turning out of scientists, engineers, and teachers so that someday some country will rule the world; *Foreign relations*—straining a cold war with the times of tension lingering over us as in Lincoln's

time; *New Frontiers*—two new States, new citizens, a new flag, and new ideas.

Tonight patriotism will come alive. We hope these ideas will have a special meaning.

Yes, all thinking people represented by our Stars and Stripes will have to agree with Abraham Lincoln: "We cannot escape history."

Dave Griffel, Bay High School, Bay Village, Ohio

GRADUATION ADDRESS

The dawn broke on April 14th in 1865. Another busy day in Abraham Lincoln's life began. That evening while attending the performance of "My American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, he was mortally wounded. Within 24 hours the President had died. From that day until today all America has grieved his death. A great pioneer, lawyer, orator, statesman, and President, and above all, a great American has left a memory enshrined forever in our hearts.

Today we think of Lincoln and admire his great achievements as a man and as a President. Although he had a premonition of his death, his last day was spent patiently working to safeguard again "the one and inseparable United States." His manner was wise, gentle, and yet so firm.

He had the power to lead and to make others want to follow. The nation placed its future in his hands, that his good judgment might skillfully heal the deep wounds.

His honesty, integrity, sincerity, and amiable humility

in this high office caused people to lean on him for help. Theirs was a dependable and unique President.

Perhaps one might say Lincoln is a man for the ages because he inspires all of us, even today. He is a living legend of personal strength and power of conviction. His heart went to the people, and he devoted his full strength and ability to the solution of their problems. His life was one of triumph and tragedy. He symbolized the Union, for he was the ideal president and citizen in one.

Lincoln has been praised by poets, editors, and orators. Today we dedicate our graduation program to his memory.

Although the world will little note nor long remember what we say here tonight, our accomplishments will not be forgotten. May our ideal as is fittingly inscribed on the walls of our new Senior High School be ever remembered: "May disciplined intellect and character grow here together for enlightened citizenship".

And now, as we the Class of 1959 leave Malverne High School we pause to think of the challenging future. Let us take Lincoln's example and carry him as a symbol to inspire our every action. May we hold his qualities sacred and try to live up to the great example that he has set; for he speaks to all free men everywhere.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations."

Barbara Jane Hartung, Malverne High School,
Malverne, N.Y.

The Continuing Celebration of the Legacy of Lincoln

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

In this 150th year celebrating the birth of Abraham Lincoln there has been more than usual interest in his life and times. Yet we are sure that the significant things to remember and ponder about Lincoln are not going to be finished with this year and this particular celebration.

The story of Lincoln, his speeches, writings, anecdotes about him, are a tremendous reservoir of inspiration for young people. The materials in this volume are eloquent testimony to that fact. In this section consideration is given to some of the things that teachers did to encourage creative and scholarly study on the part of their students as they celebrated the Lincoln Sesquicentennial.

One of the most interesting activities, and one which could not be included in the body of the volume since it was not, strictly speaking, "original," was the search students made of materials that others had written about Lincoln. Many beautiful songs, poems, stories, and plays have centered on Lincoln and episodes from his life. For instance, the Benjamin Franklin High School, New York City, participated in the Lincoln celebration through a competitive poetry reading contest. Five student finalists, picked from the various English classes, read their selections to the entire student body.

In a similar vein, the students of South High School, Minneapolis, Minn., presented a program of the music that was popular during Lincoln's boyhood, and Civil War songs.

The reading of Lincoln's most famous speeches—the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural, was typically a high spot in many graduation and commemorative programs. Studying and thinking about the meaning of these speeches was as important as is impressive delivery.

Many fortunate schools took advantage of their proximity to "Lincoln country" to take trips and visit memorable scenes. Students of Clinton Senior High School, Clinton, Iowa, who had worked very hard preparing an exhibit for display in a downtown store, were rewarded by their teacher with a visit to Springfield, Ill. The Social Studies Club at Eastwood Junior High School, Indianapolis, Ind., took a trip to Corydon, Ind., to see a reenactment of the Lincoln family's first coming. Later this same group took a tour to Washington, D.C., with special emphasis on Lincoln material to be seen in the Capital. This trip was so successful that it was presented to a university summer school class, and then taped for later broadcast. Students at the Henry B. Manly Junior High School, Louisville, Ky., were fortunate in being able to make some field trips to places of historic interest in the life of Lincoln. The Historical Club of Oliver P. Morton School, Hammond, Ind., also took a tour to the Lincoln area in Indiana.

While not all schools could take trips, some enterprising teachers were able to bring historical sites to the students. A social science teacher at Unadilla Central School, Unadilla, N.Y., and the assistant principal of Hoopeston Senior High School, Hoopeston, Ill., report that their hobbies are taking pictures and colored slides of scenes of historic interest which can then be used in student programs. A teacher in Glen Rock Junior High School, Glen Rock, N.J., brought slides of the Lincoln country taken during her summer vacation which were used as part of a program on Lincoln.

Many schools with teacher leadership organized special displays or exhibits of Lincoln material. At Norte Del Rio High School, North Sacramento, Calif., the display included biographies of Lincoln, books on the Lincoln era, poems on

Lincoln, pictures of Lincoln, Lincoln pennies, Lincoln stamps, a model of his log cabin birthplace, a model of the White House, busts and plaques of Lincoln, dolls dressed as Mary and Abe Lincoln, a newspaper announcing the death of Lincoln, a facsimile copy of the Gettysburg Address, a chart showing the world events of Lincoln's lifetime, and so forth. These were arranged on tables or tacked to cardboards hung on the wall. The Library Club of Dundee Community High School, Carpentersville, Ill., organized a display of books and pamphlets from the library which followed, in fiction and non-fiction, the events in Lincoln's life. The club also took a trip to Lincoln Park, Chicago, and visited the Lincoln display at the Chicago Historical Society.

Many schools utilized Lincoln as the theme for their graduation exercises. The programs included original speeches, many of which have been already quoted in the preceding sections, reading from Lincoln's own speeches, and music that was appropriate to the times. It was felt by many contributors that focusing graduation exercises on Lincoln provided a fitting theme for the solemnity of the ceremony and also the kind of inspiration that such an occasion demands.

Assembly programs were built around Lincoln's life by many schools. Sometimes, as has already been seen, whole scripts were written by students, and the program staged with help from many departments of the school—art, music, English, social studies. In some instances the creativity of teachers was involved, as they, too, wrote original scripts for assembly programs.

The above are but a few of the many ways in which teachers worked with youth in celebrating the Lincoln year. These techniques are not new; they have been utilized by master teachers for many, many years. As we look at the volume of student materials we can see how richly they produce creative and insightful work on the part of young people. Behind this volume of student selections is the work of dedicated and interested teachers.

Lincoln provides an unusual source of inspiration. Though the Sesquicentennial celebration finishes with the end of 1959, there is ever-increasing reason to continue to celebrate the legacy of Lincoln. The final pages of the helpful brochure produced by the NEA Sesquicentennial Commit-

tee contain many useful and helpful ideas. They are repeated here:

1. THEMES AND PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

What We Have Learned from Lincoln . . . as a nation . . . as individuals . . .

Lincoln's World . . . when self-reliance meant survival . . . Yesterday and Today . . .

How well do we understand Lincoln's world? What would he be likely to think of ours?

We Were a Very Young Nation . . . when Lincoln was born . . .

What were some of the signs of our country's youth and "growing pains"? How did Lincoln influence our growth toward maturity?

The First American . . . Lincoln has been described as "completely American," as "through and through an American," as "the first American . . ."

What do these statements mean—one thing or many? Would they mean the same things today as 150 years ago? What evidence can we collect when we study Lincoln's life, character, beliefs, writings . . .

Lincoln—Symbol of the Free Man.

More specialized themes and programs could be based upon the geographic location of your school.

Specialized themes and programs could also be based on selected events in Lincoln's life, for example:

The Education of a Future President. Lincoln as a Soldier. Lincoln as a Lawyer. Lincoln Enters Politics. Lincoln as a State Legislator. Lincoln as a U.S. Congressman. Lincoln as President. Lincoln as Commander in Chief. Why Was Lincoln Assassinated?

2. ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

Assembly programs could include interesting informative sessions devoted to the showing of films and playing of recordings.

Programs could also feature talks by special guests. Invited speakers could include: a historian from a nearby college; a lawyer or law professor who would evaluate Lincoln as a lawyer or compare law in Lincoln's day with law and courtroom practice today; a Congressman or one of your State's Senators who might review Lincoln's congressional history; a State legislator who could talk about Lincoln's contributions to the Illinois Legislature; any authors of American history books or novels who may be available; etc.

Assembly programs based on performances by various students could include such major undertakings as plays and pageants, concerts and dance recitals. Professional scripts for such programs are easily available.

Assembly programs could also be based on performances of original student materials:

A. One possibility could be a panel presentation on the topic: "I Knew Abe Lincoln . . ."

Each panelist would impersonate some man or woman who featured in some way in Lincoln's life. Students would select the characters they wanted to impersonate, do the necessary research and writing, and read their own statements. People to impersonate could include: Mary Todd, Sarah Bush Johnston, Mrs. Bixby, Ann Rutledge, Nancy Hanks, Tad Lincoln, William H. Herndon, Stephen A. Douglas, Edwin McMasters Stanton, General Grant, General Lee, William Henry Seward, and many others.

B. Another possibility could be built around the theme—"We Were There. . . ."

On the basis of specialized reading and research, students could create imaginary characters under such titled as: I heard Lincoln deliver the Gettysburg Address . . . ; I went to school with Abe Lincoln . . . ; I used to shop in Abe Lincoln's store . . . ; Abe Lincoln was my lawyer and won my case in court . . . ; I was present at one of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet meetings . . . ; I served with Lincoln in Congress in 1847—I was a Democrat, he was a Whig, we were both from Illinois . . . ; What we thought of Lincoln in England during the Civil War . . . ; What we thought of Lincoln in France . . . ; What we thought of Mr. Lincoln and his cause in Russia . . . ; I was right there in the Ford Theatre the night Lincoln was shot . . . ; I was backstage and saw Booth that night . . .

3. EXHIBITS

Exhibit project possibilities are limitless. No matter what the size of the school or of the exhibit, practically all areas of study, interest, activity, and special talents and abilities may be involved.

Building and carpentry work: Frames, backdrops, stands, models of log cabins, one-room schools, relief maps . . .

Maps and Flags: The United States in 1809 and today, new States added during Lincoln's lifetime; how the Stars and Stripes have changed on through today; locations of Lincoln monuments and memorials throughout the U.S.A.; places named in memory of Lincoln; places Lincoln lived in, visited, delivered speeches and debates in; Lincoln monuments throughout the world . . .

Collections

A. Photographs of Lincoln, of members of his family, of influential people during his lifetime, of his home in Springfield, views of Washington, D.C.—then and now, of Ford's Theater, monuments to Lincoln, Oak Ridge Cemetery, and so on. All photos should carry clear captions prepared by the students.

B. Collections could include coins, foreign and domestic stamps, and other objects commemorating Lincoln.

Illustrative Charts and Graphs

A. The Economic Life of the U.S.A. in Lincoln's day vs. Today:

U.S. position in the world—exports, imports. Availability of consumer goods. Shopping facilities, typical stores. U.S. taxes, postal services, other Federal services. Transportation and shipping facilities. Available

jobs and professions. What could a dollar buy in Lincoln's day?

B. The Cultural Life of the U.S.A. in Lincoln's day vs. Today:

Schools and colleges—Who went to high school, who went to college, how many high schools and colleges were there, what was the full meaning of the 1862 Land-Grant College Act and how has it affected education for the many? What subjects do we learn today which were not taught then?

Entertainment facilities—theaters, traveling shows, etc. . . .

Publications—books, newspapers, magazines

Sports—competitive sports, typical sports

Family and home life in Lincoln's day and today. Collections of photographs could also be used here.

City life, rural life, frontier life . . .

Homes—kitchens, furnishings, conveniences. How we cooked our food, stored our food, typical menus. How we lit our homes, heated our homes. . . . Availability of doctors, hospitals, medicines.

4. ENRICHMENT ACTIVITIES

Field trip plans will vary with the location of your school and extent of available funds and community resources.

All field trips can include a variety of special projects: Photography work to contribute to exhibits. Collecting projects. Interviews and reporting for student newspaper and for essay assignments.

Places to visit can include: Cities and sites connected with Lincoln in any way. American history museums. Your State capitol and its archives. Newspaper morgues. Local colleges and libraries. Civil War battlefields. State legislatures. Courtrooms and attendance at a trial.

Public Performances—Speaker's Bureau, Concert Bureau . . .

Students with special interests and abilities in drama, debate, public speaking, instrument playing, singing, and dancing—could prepare to be available to perform throughout the community upon invitation: Deliver talks about Lincoln's character, events in his life, people he loved, people who loved and honored him. . . . Recite some of his more famous speeches, give readings and quotations from his writings to underscore his beliefs and opinions on government, democracy, the Union, the worth of the individual, religion, freedom. . . . Present collections of Lincoln's humor. Perform the songs and dances popular in Lincoln's day. Enact a Lincoln-Douglas debate. Present a well-rehearsed play or pageant.

5. STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Clubwork Could be Encouraged

Innumerable opportunities for club activities can be developed in conjunction with many of the projects involved in producing assembly programs and exhibits, in preparation for public performances, and as followup to field trips and other activities.

Existent clubs could expand their programs and purposes, initiate new projects, and broaden their membership base.

This could also provide an opportunity for the formation of new clubs which, in itself, might prove a highly desirable thing for the school. Students who were formerly inactive in clubwork of any kind might find a new outlet in the kind of club which never existed before. This could serve the ultimate purpose of the year's Lincoln Observance Program—that of growth and enrichment through experience and groupwork.

Club possibilities could include: A Lincoln Club; a photography club, a club for students interested in model building, in draftsmanship; a debating society; a poetry group; a future-lawyers club; an American history research society; a country-dance group; and many others.

Special editions of student newspapers might be of interest. For example, special editions might bear such datelines as:

MARCH 4, 1865—Imaginary firsthand stories about Lincoln's second inaugural; statements by Congressmen,

Cabinet members, other leaders; news from Richmond; social notes; imaginary advertisements; incidental news items, book and theater reviews; a casual story about Booth, the actor . . .

APRIL 14, 1865—Lincoln's Assassination! News stories, imaginary interviews with witnesses, statements about what this will mean to the Nation, condolences from abroad, stories on Booth, and incidental news items . . .

Regular editions of student newspapers, throughout the year, might plan to feature a special Lincoln page, or column, in each issue.

Included could be: Progress reports on many of the projects being worked on; student-written book reviews on Lincoln literature; reprints of poems or original poems; a "Quotes from Lincoln" column; a regular "Lincoln's Humor" column; news stories based on field-trip interviews; stories about outstanding authors who have devoted much of their lives to writing about Lincoln—based on library research when interviews are not possible; stories prepared for "I knew Abe Lincoln" or "We Were There" assembly programs.

Selected References

PAPERBACK BOOKS SUITABLE FOR STUDENT PURCHASE

- Lincoln Reader*—Paul M. Angle, editor, Pocketbooks, New York, 50 cents.
- Abraham Lincoln and the Times That Tried His Soul*—by Emil Ludwig, Faucett World Library, New York, 50 cents.
- Lincoln and the Civil War*—Courtlandt Canby, editor, Dell Publishing Co., New York, 50 cents.
- A Stillness at Appomattox*—by Bruce Catton, Pocketbooks, New York, 50 cents.
- The Man Who Killed Lincoln*—by Philip Van Doren Stern, Dell Publishing Co., New York, 35 cents.
- Lincoln's Wit*—Brant House, editor, Ace Books, New York, 35 cents.
- The Life of Abraham Lincoln*—Stefan Lorant, Signet-Key, New York, 50 cents.
- Lincoln's Commando*—Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren, Pyramid Books, New York, 35 cents.
- Love Is Eternal*—Irving Stone, Pocketbooks, New York, 50 cents.
- The Day Lincoln Was Shot*—Jim Bishop, Bantam Books, New York, 50 cents.
- Lincoln*—Lord Charnwood, Pocketbooks, New York, 35 cents.
- Illinois State Historical Library Publications: Centennial Bldg., Springfield, Ill.
- Abraham Lincoln Quarterly*—Abraham Lincoln Association, various issues, \$1.50 each.
- Through Lincoln's Door*—Virginia Stuart Brown, \$1.50.
- Facsimile of the Gettysburg Address* in Lincoln's handwriting, free.
- Illinois History* magazine, February 1959, "The Greatness of Lincoln," 20 cents.
- Lincoln's Springfield*—15 cents.
- Abraham Lincoln Chronology 1809-1865*—Harry E. Pratt, free.
- The Great Debates of 1858*—Harry E. Pratt, free.
- Lincoln's Inner Circle*—Harry E. Pratt, 50 cents.
- Abraham Lincoln*—Lawrence B. Stringer, 20 cents.

REFERENCE SHELF FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

- The Buffalo Trace*—Virginia Eifert, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1955, \$3.
- Out of the Wilderness: Young Abe Lincoln Grows Up*—Virginia Eifert, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1956, \$3.

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- Abraham Lincoln's World*—Genevieve Foster, Scribner's, New York, 1944, \$4.50.
- Abraham Lincoln, Friend of the People*—Clara Ingram Judson, Wilcox & Follett, Chicago, 1950, \$3.50.
- Lincoln and Douglas: The Years of Decision*—Regina Z. Kelly, Random House, New York, 1954, \$1.95.
- The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln*—Helen Nicolay, Century, New York, 1920, \$3.
- Abe Lincoln, Log Cabin to White House*—Sterling North, Random House, New York, 1956, \$1.95.
- Abe Lincoln Grows Up*—Carl Sandburg, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1931, \$3.25; text edition, \$1.80.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN THROUGH THE EYES OF HIGH



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